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No. 107.

PATIENCE.

BY MARY B. COLLY.

One by one, all steadily,
Till the builders day by day,
Laying down each brick with care,
Casting useless ones away,
Till, with look of noble strength,
Is the house complete at length.

Drop by drop, all quietly
Fall the gentle summer showers,
Moistening the emerald leaves,
Lifting up the drooping flowers,
Till the land is drenched with rain,
And the earth revives again.

One by one, all silently
Do the little stars come out,
Shining mistily at first,
Glancing timidly about;
Then the moon comes into sight
And a glory fills the night.

Step by step, all trustfully,
Hoping each to bear a part,
Do the hidden lives of men
Into noble action start;
And, when clears the smoke of strife,
Shall come forth a perfect life.

Cecil's Deceit:

OR, THE DIAMOND LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE D. BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," OR, THE MYSTERY OF ELLSFORD GRANGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I. MISTRESS AND MAID.

A subdued bustle of out-going and incoming; the slight jar of doors which otherwise opened and shut noiselessly; passing footsteps muffled by the thick carpeting of the passageways: these were the sounds which stamped its character upon the Breton House. It was a quiet hotel, removed alike in equal degree from the pomp of magnificent metropolitan establishments, and the shabby gentility, the prying, meddling surveillance of family boarding-houses.

Captain Collingsbrooke, with his daughter and her single attendant, had just established himself in the suite of rooms he had previously written to order.

These were on the second floor, and consisted of four apartments occupying one side of a branch passageway. First was the captain's own room, redolent already of his favorite "Yacht Club." Then, a private parlor, not large, but comfortable and homelike. Next was Miss Collingsbrooke's apartment, a wide room fitted with essential accessories to a lady's convenience; and beyond, separated from it by a dressing-chamber, was a smaller and plainly-furnished chamber, designated to the use of Miss Collingsbrooke's maid.

A porter was bringing up the luggage just arrived. His foot tripped upon the door-sill of the captain's room, and he staggered forward violently, precipitating the trunk he carried upon the center of the floor. Captain Collingsbrooke, irate, broke forth with an oath at his awkwardness.

"If you please, sir, I couldn't help it," protested the man, ruefully rubbing his elbow, which had been grazed by the falling article.

"Help it! Humph, who said you could? Why, you idiot, that is not mine. Get away until I see!"

Examination only proved that he had been correct. The trunk was marked Crossford, or Crawford, Breton House, and the remainder of the luggage was for the same.

"Then it's for the gentleman on the next floor," the porter said. "He came on the same train as you, sir, and like enough your baggage has got mixed."

But a consultation with the said gentleman failed to reveal the whereabouts of the captain's traveling paraphernalia. A messenger, dispatched in hot haste to the baggage-rooms, met with no better success. Evidently, by some mistake, the trunks had not been put off the train. Accommodating officials regretted the occurrence, and promised their return by the following morning.

This was by no means satisfactory to Captain Collingsbrooke. He loved his own ease and fumed at trifling inconveniences. Just now he wanted the comforts of dressing-gown and slippers, a smoke and a nap in an easy-chair, with his heels upon the center-table. The non-arrival of his baggage disturbed at once his plans and his temper, the latter being of very mercurial character.

Railway officials, hackman and porter, all were subjected to the ban of his anathemas. He stamped and blustered as was his wont when his choler was aroused, and in the midst of it all, Miss Collingsbrooke appeared upon the scene.

"What is it, papa dear? Has any thing occurred to annoy you?"

"Any thing? Yes, I should think so. Enough has occurred."

Then, partly because his breath was exhausted, partly that his gouty limbs rebelled against the free use he had been making of them, and that the man against whose tympanum he was discharging his word-volleys here disappeared, he permitted his wrath to subside in a few muttered growls as he sunk back into his chair.

"Enough has occurred. The blundering vagabonds have carried on our luggage. You'll have to do without your *fol-de-rols*, my girl."

"Is that all, papa? I feared it was something of a serious nature."

"Is it nothing to have all my calculations disturbed? Is it nothing to miss my nap



Cecil flung herself over the side of the balcony.

and my dishabille? Nothing to see you rusty from travel when Frampton may arrive at any minute? You do honor, Eve, to your English blood if you are proof against it all. Confound the careless villains!"

"Then we'll not go down to-night, will we, dear? Let us have tea together, you and I, as if we were at home. Indeed, papa, I should prefer it. I am quite wearied out."

Miss Collingsbrooke knew that the best method of restoring her father's equanimity was to distract his attention from the annoying subject.

"You do look tired, Eve," he said, with a touch of solicitude. "You must get more brightness into your face. Don't let Frampton think you are a victim prepared for a sacrifice."

"A night's rest is all I need. Oh, papa, if when all is over, I should find that I have made a mistake?"

She clasped her long, thin hands nervously, a doubting, troubled look upon her face.

"Nonsense! You're not used to being whimsical, my girl. Don't get absurd ideas now. Think what it is for me to give you up, but I do it willingly for your own good."

"I shall always love you dearest of any one in the world, papa. I know that you only desire my happiness. But this is such an irrevocable step, and now that the time draws near it frightens me."

"Frightened at thought of your marriage, the consummation for which most young ladies devoutly pray? Remember how my heart is set upon it!"

"I shall be guided by you as I always have been. Don't think that I'm going to disappoint you now! I wish I need never leave you—need never owe allegiance to another man."

"Pooh, pooh, child! that is not in the nature of things. Run away now, and take a rest before I order supper."

"Not until I see you comfortable. This great sleepy hollow of a chair is just what

you will like. There! now draw off your boots, and put your poor feet upon these cushions. A pillow to your head, and your pipe filled! Is there any thing more, papa?"

"As if there could be any thing you would not think of! No, dear. What a treasure you are to me, Eve!"

She did not reply, but laid her face down with caressing motion against his. Then, touching her lips to his forehead, she went away, leaving him to woo forgetfulness through the influence of his favorite weed.

Later, they met at the tea-table in mutually agreeable moods. Captain Collingsbrooke, refreshed by his slumber, and with appetite sharpened at sight of a delicious repast, retained his natural good-humor unbroken by slight ebullitions of temper as were very common with him. And Eve put aside her misgivings of the future to devote herself to anticipating her father's wishes.

At a word from her he dismissed the servant, and let Eve wait upon him. This she did with a skill which displayed her familiarity with the duty.

It was a happy hour followed by a happy evening. Each knew it might be the last which they should spend alone together, and lent mutual effort to have it pass so that in time to come they might refer to it as an unclouded remembrance.

How well it is that the inevitable future is veiled from our sight! Neither realized any thing of the shadow hovering over them—neither felt the chill of the dark presence lingering near.

When they had bidden each other good-night, and Miss Collingsbrooke was back in her own room where her maid awaited her, something of the troubled feeling that had haunted her during the day came again.

She put herself under the hands of the maid almost mechanically. The latter was a young woman with a bearing easy and ladylike beyond that which usually marks those of her station. Without having any actual basis for the belief, it had been silently conceded from the first, by Captain

Collingsbrooke and his daughter, that she had at no very remote period occupied a much higher social position.

Miss Collingsbrooke, deserted by her own attendant at the last moment, had engaged her on the eve of their departure from their native England. Several months had elapsed since that, occupied in traveling through the United States, the land which was henceforth to be their home.

Between the two—mistress and maid—had sprung up a warm friendship, which, on one side at least, had ripened into positive attachment. Miss Collingsbrooke's affection was manifested by the unlimited confidence she bestowed.

"Are you not well to-night, Miss Eve?" queried the maid, as with deft fingers she undid the fair, heavy bands of the lady's hair.

"Quite well, Cecil. Only a little inclined to regret the liberty I must soon relinquish. I am glad Mr. Frampton did not arrive to-night."

An amused smile played about Cecil Blake's lips.

"Are you not anxious to make the acquaintance of your fiancé, Miss Eve?"

"Oh, I know him already from his letters. He is a good, kind man, I am sure, and perhaps in time I may learn to love him almost as well as papa. But, Cecil, marriage should be regarded as a holy ordinance, and how can I so regard mine, which has been settled upon as a mere matter of business? I am given to almost a total stranger—though he was a friend of papa's when they were young men together—in return for certain settlements of lands and dollars. Can I love and honor him as a husband, or will he seem to me only in the light of a purchaser, myself his chattel?"

"It is very pleasant to be rich," suggested Cecil. "To be young and beautiful, the petted child of an indulgent old man, is a fate most young ladies would be eager to embrace. You don't know what actual poverty is, Miss Eve, or you would never hesitate. You don't know what it is to love beautiful things which you can not en-

joy, to long for luxury and be tied down to a life of constant drudgery. Youth and beauty are no more than a fair exchange for certain wealth."

The speaker's face flushed a little with her earnestness of feeling. She uttered her words vehemently, as though they were the outbreak of some sudden impulse, but her tone had something bitter in it which Eve Collingsbrooke did not like.

"I am afraid that is not good doctrine, Cecil, even though I am being guided by it. But I shall not give my individuality alone; I shall strive to be always a dutiful wife."

"You'll be happy, too," said Cecil, her face and voice softening. "The good always are."

It was Eve's turn to flush now. When alone together the two had long since fallen into habits of equality, but this night there was a shadow of restraint, felt rather than distinctly indicated, in their familiar intercourse.

There was silence between them for a time, and then Miss Collingsbrooke, who had been idly watching their two figures reflected side by side in the mirror, reached up and drew Cecil's face down near hers.

"Youth and beauty," she said, repeating the words of the other. "You have them both, Cecil. Why is it not you instead of me who is to reap fortune through them? And see how much we are alike! Strange that I never observed it so clearly before. We might readily pass for sisters."

There was indeed a striking resemblance between them, heightened perhaps by the similarity of the dresses they wore. The simple gray traveling-suits were unlike in no special detail, their light and figures were much the same.

Both had heavy fair hair, but that of the maid had a glint and ripple in it, while Miss Collingsbrooke's was dead blonde. The features of the latter were fine, regular and clearly cut, her complexion fair but rather pale, her eyes hazel. Cecil's face was perhaps less noble by which the other's lacked; her eyes deep blue as is sometimes seen in paintings on rare old china.

The points of resemblance between the two would strike an observer more forcibly after seeing them separately. This was probably the reason that neither had been much impressed by the fact. When together, so many minor differences crept to view that the great effect was lost.

As Eve gazed, and endeavored to define the similarity, it seemed to fade into only a general resemblance of figure and feature.

"It was the light, I dare say," Cecil remarked, composedly. "All fair people look more or less alike, I think. Is there any thing more to-night, Miss Eve?"

"Nothing more. Good-night, Cecil!"

But in her own room, the maid held the light where it shone full upon her, scanning her features with close scrutiny. Then she sat down, shaking her hair from the thick net which had confined it, until it glinted and waved like a golden veil about her shoulders. A gratified look crept into her eyes.

"Yes, we are alike," she murmured. "Alike, as substance and shadow; alike, as the pale offspring of the photographer's art is like the living reality. Yet she will gain the wealth I covet, while I, brighter and fairer, must wait—wait!"

There was a shadow creeping down over Cecil Blake's face, which made it less fair to look upon. The color faded out, the lips grew set and firm, the eyes emitted a coruscant gleam.

"Only one thing to live for now," she was saying to herself. "Only my ambition to be gratified. Only an advantage to be gained, a point won. How long shall I have to wait, I wonder?"

She sat there silently thinking. The time wore on imperceptibly; an hour chimed, then another, but she sat there motionless still.

Sleep stole down upon her unawares. A medley of dreams assailed her, wild fancies bore her away on their spirit wings. Visions were there of time that had been, and of time to come, of things possible and impossible, struggling confusedly in the mind which is never at rest, even when sleep lays its quiet upon the body, and lulls the working functions of the brain to nominal repose.

Then came a concourse of increasing sounds, which first mingled in with her dreams. The tramping of feet, the ringing of bells, hoarse shouts, from seeming the picture of fancy became suddenly a reality.

She sprang up, broad awake, to find a vivid glare illuminating the room; the hissing and crackling of flames; a scorching heat; the atmosphere painfully oppressive; the smell of burning wood, and from without the terrible cry, "Fire, fire!"

CHAPTER II. THE PATH OF FIRE.

For a single instant Cecil stood motionless, paralyzed by terror. Above the crackling of the flames, and the hoarse shouts of the multitude without, she could hear the shrieks of women, the groans and prayers of those already shut off from escape.

The fire had burst out through the windows below, and was lapping up the outer walls with insatiable tongues that fastened upon every devourable object. The crackling and falling of glass, and sight of the yellow blaze curling in, recalled her senses, bringing a realization of her own imminent peril.

She sprang to the door of the dressing-

closet opening into Miss Collingsbrooke's room. A cloud of dense smoke met her there. She drove her back, blinded, suffocating. She had the precaution to shut the door against it, and stood gasping. The heat was intense. It was drawing blisters on her flesh, though as yet no flames had reached her room except the lapping tongues about the casements.

There was another door opening into the corridor. She groped her way to this, as she went snatching a woolen scarf from the table where she had thrown it carelessly on the preceding evening.

In the corridor and to the right she was met by a wall of solid flame. The stairway and the space beyond were all ablaze. Behind her vestibule opened into a wing of the building. She sped along this, guiding herself by the touch of the blistering walls.

As she ran she gathered up her long, floating hair, and bound it firmly with her scarf. A morsel of feminine reasoning, which clung to her during the horror of that moment, an instinct which reminded her that every attribute of beauty which she possessed was dear to her as life itself, prompted the action.

Up some steps, then on again. Turning angles this way and that, driven back at times by the visible presence of the fire demon, but all else yielded from her sight by the stifling smoke.

A sudden fear struck her. Might she not lose herself in this maze of passageways, be tortured by the flames creeping slowly down upon her from every side? Her brain was no longer clear. Thoughts trooped through; wild, absurd fancies, which tempted her to stop there in the midst of danger and laugh shrilly.

The sound of her voice, dying to a moan upon her lips, sobered her. She staggered forward less confidently now.

A breath of fresh air came to her like an assurance of salvation to a perishing soul. Gasping, she struggled on. Then the smoke rolled back, and an open doorway lay before her.

"Saved!" she cried, joyfully, as the outer air swept her cheek. In the same breath she uttered a cry of despairing horror. A sheet of flame shot up almost in her face. An instant more and she would be certainly lost.

She flung the skirt of her dress over her head and dashed through the fiery barrier. Fortunately her garments were of woolen stuffs, and though shriveled and crisped, did not ignite. She stood without the doorway, which she feared would lead her to safety, but with a single glance, grew faint with the hopelessness of her situation.

She stood on an iron balcony not more than twenty feet from the ground. But the steps were gone; above, below, and all around, the flames were raging in unrelenting fury. Beneath was a dark surging crowd, that, looking up, seemed to see her in the very midst of the devouring element.

The stillness of horror which had fallen on all was broken by a voice.

"Jump, for God's sake! Forward, men, all of you! Jump, and we will save you!" A puff of air carried a rush of flame down upon her. With no thought except the desperate impulse to escape it, Cecil flung himself over the balcony railing.

Scarcely a second had passed before he received her. There was a recoil in the foremost group, caused by the impetus of her descending body, then a deafening shout went up announcing her safety.

Cecil, stunned by her fall, heard the glad cry, and then lay without sense or motion in the arms of her rescuers. The terrible strain removed, mind and nerve succumbed, and she lost all consciousness.

A stalwart man, with face and hands begrimed by the active service he had been rendering—the same who had called to her to take the leap—volunteered to take charge of the helpless girl. He received her in his arms and bore her back through the crowd, which opened before him.

A moment later came the order, "Back! back!" The multitude swayed as a body, and wavered away from the burning building not a moment too soon. There was the crash of falling walls, blazing timbers hurled downward which sent out showers of glowing sparks, and what had been the stately Breton House, lay a mass of ruins.

It was breaking day, as Cecil's protector, Richard Holstead by name, hurried down one of the side streets leading from the more noted thoroughfare. This was Broad street, and the buildings here, for the most part, were private dwellings, many of them detached and having inclosures, smaller or greater, to accord with the pretensions of the different places. At some distance down the street, the young man paused before a neat two-story frame house, separated from the sidewalk by a narrow grass-plot and light iron railing.

Passing through the gateway, he was met by a pleasant-faced elderly lady, who greeted him with affectionate solicitude.

"Richard, my dear boy! you are not hurt?"

"No, mother; but here is a young lady who will require your attention. I think she is not seriously injured, but you can send for a physician if you find it necessary. I must hurry back again, though I fear there is little more to be done."

"Poor thing! poor thing! Bring her in to my room, Dick. I couldn't think of lying still while human beings were in danger so near, and my boy, perhaps, risking his life to aid them. Did you rescue her?"

"Not alone, mother; I'll tell you all about it by-and-by. You'll be best for her, I know. Ah, she is coming to herself again."

Following his mother through the hall and up the stairway into a neat bedroom, where the gas was still burning, Richard Holstead placed his fair burden upon a couch. After a word or two, he went out again, promising to return ere long.

Cecil moved and moaned, and after a moment, opened her eyes, the horror still lingering in them.

"Am I saved?" she asked, "or was it all a dream? Ah, my poor hands!"

She raised them painfully. Both hands and wrists were drawn to white blisters. Her face, too, had been blistered by the heat; but her hair, her beautiful golden hair, lay unharmed beneath its secure covering. She did not so much mind the rest, when she made herself aware of this.

"There, there, dear! don't distress yourself," said Mrs. Holstead, soothingly. "You are safe you see. Let me bind up your hands; I will be very gentle. There are no deep burns, but they will be painful for a time."

Then, with exquisite tact, she strove to divert her patient's mind from the calamity which had befallen her, while she applied lotions and poultices to the injured members.

Cecil's nervous system had been shaken by the peril she had passed. She was faint and ill from the effect of it. She was very quiet, moving with an effort when Mrs. Holstead proceeded to disrobe her, and clothe her in a loose wrapper of her own.

"Now, lie still, dear, and sleep if you can. Drink this; you will feel better for it when you wake again."

She brought a glass of wine into which she poured a few drops of a composing draught. Cecil swallowed it, and closed her eyes wearily.

Mrs. Holstead turned out the gas and softly opened the windows. By this time the sun had fairly risen, falling in yellow light on opposite roofs, while the street beneath was yet filled by the long shadows.

She adjusted the screens until a softened gleam pervaded the apartment. Then ascertaining that her patient already slept, she went out, closing the door after her.

Going down to the kitchen, she found Patty, the one servant kept in the little household, busy preparing the morning meal.

"What have you there, Patty—muffins? Ah, that's well. Dick is fond of them. And get a beef-steak in the market-stall on the corner. Poor Dick will be tired, and need a substantial breakfast."

After adding to the order another item or two with reference to her son's taste, she passed into the dining-room adjoining. This was a square apartment, with a bright carpet on the floor and white shades to the windows. A light, cheerful room, furnished with a tall walnut sideboard, elaborately carved at the top; a few chairs of the same material, and an extension table—generally used in its contracted form. Every thing was very simple and very useful, but homelike and attractive to an extent which more elaborate establishments often lack.

Mrs. Holstead wheeled out the round table, and covering it with a spotless cloth, proceeded to arrange thereon a breakfast set of old-fashioned fragile china, and service of well-pressed silver.

They were not rich, these Holsteads, but they belonged to a good old family in the middle grade of life, and had an air of extreme respectability—which in a higher station would have passed current for aristocratic refinement—clinging to them. Honest, well educated people, who found favor with the masses, the more readily, perhaps, because they never sought it.

The mother was a widow, whose whole life and happiness were bound up in her one son. Her pride in him was not at all a mother's blind partiality. Richard Holstead was one of that type of men whom great crises develop into heroes. One who might labor at the vocation which he had chosen or which circumstances had thrust upon him all his days, performing his work always faithfully, and never suspect the energies lying dormant within him. But let the proper moment arrive, the requirement exact, then the faculty to plan and the ability to execute would make themselves manifest, certainly as the striking of flint and steel has the power to produce flame.

He came in while his mother was yet busy about her pleasant task. She had time to observe now that he was blackened brows slightly singed, his beard and eyeset, then the faculty to plan and the ability to execute would make themselves manifest, certainly as the striking of flint and steel has the power to produce flame.

He came in while his mother was yet busy about her pleasant task. She had time to observe now that he was blackened brows slightly singed, his beard and eyeset, then the faculty to plan and the ability to execute would make themselves manifest, certainly as the striking of flint and steel has the power to produce flame.

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were others less fortunate—some who were not rescued."

Cecil put out her bandaged hand, only saying:

"Let me see!"

She had not corrected Mrs. Holstead's mistake regarding her name. Perhaps she had not observed it. But now, as her eye glanced down the column devoted to the conflagration of the morning, the knowledge that this misapprehension had arisen was made apparent.

The names of Captain Collingsbrooke and Cecil Blake were in the list of those who had perished. Miss Collingsbrooke was described as having escaped by precipitating herself from the balcony.

The paper crushed beneath Cecil's trembling hand, and her face grew white as the pillow against which it was pressed. Strange that the words which Eve had spoken to her when they were together last should be the first to recur to her now.

"Youth and beauty! You have them both, Cecil. Why is it not you, instead of me, who is to reap fortune through them?"

CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE.

IN that moment Cecil never thought of the awful fate which had met her kind young mistress. She only saw the opportunity it had opened before her, and even this she did not yet permit herself to contemplate clearly. But the idea had come, the sudden force of it stilling her blood for an instant; the next it was leaping through her veins at fever speed.

Mrs. Holstead went away softly. She thought it best that the other should be alone with her supposed grief at first.

Dick was walking slowly back and forth in the room below. It grieved him to know that the life of the girl he had aided to save should be at once clouded by such a sorrow. He looked up inquiringly as his mother entered.

"Does she know?"

"Yes, and has taken it more quietly than I had hoped. But the stillest grief is often the deepest. I'd rather she had cried out than to grow white and quiet as she did."

And above in the shaded room Cecil lay still, not trying to resist the temptation which assailed her.

"I did not seek this end," she said, to herself. "It has been thrust upon me. Why should I correct the mistake which others have made—why not accept it as my destiny?"

Then she felt a pang of genuine regret as Eve Collingsbrooke's gentle face rose before her mental sight.

"It is doing her no harm," she argued. "If she was alive I would not wrong her even to advance myself. But, why should I thrust aside the profit her death may bring me?"

If a struggle between wrong and right it was very unequal one. But I think from the time the thought first came to her Cecil had decided upon her course. I think she strove to make even herself believe that Cecil Blake, the maid, had been buried in the ruins of the smoking pyre, and that she who had escaped was Eve Collingsbrooke.

At least, she accepted the situation that day without making an effort either to resign or retain it. It was staking all on a chance to be sure, but one which seemed secure.

During the past few months she had learned much of the previous history of the Collingsbrookes. The captain was of English parentage, but American born and reared. They were allied to a noble family—the father had been an honorable, and he was the cousin of an earl.

The elder Collingsbrooke, sacrificing his degree before the promptings of necessity, emigrated to the United States and engaged in trade. He was not eminently successful, realizing no more than a comfortable subsistence from his business operations.

It was at this early date that a warm friendship was established between the English merchant and a competitor in the same line of business, named Frampton. The younger members of the two families were upon most intimate terms.

When young Collingsbrooke attained his majority, through the intervention of his titled relative he was sent back to England, and the same purchased for him a commission in the queen's service. He married in that country, and the subsequent death of his parents seemed to sever completely the ties which bound him to the western world.

He was English in his ideas and prejudices, but one association of his youth always clung to him. This was his friendship for Hugh Frampton. A regular correspondence had existed between the two. The latter had not married, and as Collingsbrooke's daughter grew toward womanhood, she was destined by him as his friend's future wife. An agreement to this effect had long existed between them.

In accordance with this, Captain Collingsbrooke had settled his affairs in England, and prepared to make his permanent home in America. He was in no haste to relinquish his daughter, hence this delay since their arrival before opening personal communication with her husband elect.

The date and place of their meeting had been arranged, however, the time for the marriage fixed.

This much Cecil knew—Mr. Frampton had never seen his destined bride. Even had he done so, the remarkable resemblance existing between the two young women would have readily deceived him. Cecil entertained no apprehension that the imposition she had decided to practice would result in discovery.

Good Mrs. Holstead was much puzzled by the strange apathy of her patient. She had expected some outburst of feeling ere long, and was alarmed at Cecil's perfect quietude.

It was quite dusk in the room when she went in to her again. She placed a shaded night-lamp on the table, and stepped quietly to the bedside. Cecil was not sleeping, but lay with closed eyes, and a drawn, hard expression about her mouth.

Mrs. Holstead's womanly heart was full of sympathy. She laid her hand softly on the girl's head.

"My poor child! I can feel for you in your affliction, for I know what it is to have lost dear ones. But, God is very good, and He does for the best."

Cecil drew herself away from the soothing touch.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried out, sharply. "You don't know—you can't know!"

And with that she burst out in a passion of dry, gasping sobs.

It was not acting, this emotion of hers. She had been tenderly attached to her young mistress, and if a feeling of envy had sprung up in her mind at times, it was all washed

away now, leaving a sincere regret for her untimely fate. She could honestly mourn for her whose name she had usurped.

This first outbreak of grief over, she became quiet again. Mrs. Holstead watched by her during the evening. It was early yet when Cecil turned to her, saying:

"Please don't let me keep you from your rest. I am very grateful for your kindness, but don't make me feel that I am a burden. I shall be much better to-morrow."

"Is there nothing more I can do?" asked her hostess, drawing the curtains closer. "Is there any thing you would like which I have neglected to provide; any immediate personal convenience, I mean? For, of course, your wardrobe was entirely destroyed."

Cecil roused herself, remembering the oversight which had given Captain Collingsbrooke such annoyance on the preceding day. She explained this to Mrs. Holstead.

"The trunks are probably returned by this time," she said. "If you will be kind enough to have them brought here, I should like to remain while I am in the city. I shall not trespass long."

"We will not permit you to leave us until your friends claim you," the other declared, warmly.

"And," continued Cecil, "we were expecting a friend—a gentleman—to meet us at the Breton House. I fear he will be much distressed on my account, if he finds no clue to my whereabouts."

"What is the gentleman's name, dear? My son will find him for you if he has arrived."

"Hugh Frampton, of Frampton!"

Mrs. Holstead was turning away, when an impulse seized Cecil to at once avow the utter responsibility of her equivocal position.

"Mrs. Holstead!"

The latter paused.

"Mr. Frampton is my betrothed husband. You will understand now why I am anxious he should learn of my safety. The statement in the papers would only augment his distress by leaving him in ignorance regarding the injuries I might have sustained."

"My dear," Mrs. Holstead said, coming back to the bed to kiss the girl's cheek, "I am glad for your sake you are not left without a tender guardian. Dick shall see to every thing soon as possible. I shall occupy the room adjoining this; if you want any thing during the night, don't hesitate to call upon me."

Cecil thanked her and was glad to be alone. She wanted to think over the course she had outlined for herself—to scan closely as she could the vista of the new existence she had already entered.

There are some people, who, upon making a decision, determine that, no matter what the consequence may prove, be the result good or ill, they will not regret having taken the step. Cecil was one of these. No qualms of conscience for the imposition she was practicing, disturbed her thoughts. Her sorrow for Eve was sincere, but it was secondary to the consideration of her own benefit. She had little to fear, but she meant to take all feasible precautions against the possibility of future detection.

She would require no *coup d'état* in securing her position, and only common watchfulness seemed needful to retain it when won. Still, she reviewed the past few months, gathering together all the information she had received from Eve, storing up scraps of knowledge which had been gleaned from simple conversations, against possible contingency.

When she slept at last, it was without dreams; the pure, sweet sleep which it has been claimed Nature sends only to the innocent and care-free. A light, peaceful slumber did much to restore her nervous system. She awoke next day experiencing no worse effects than a slight languor, and some irritation from the burns upon the hands. Her face was still inflamed, but the cooling lotions which had been applied were already effecting a cure.

She remained in her room, enjoying the luxury of a cushioned lounging-chair, and of having her comfort accurately studied. Seeing her, one would think that the late lady of the maid had known only tender care all her life. Certainly, she possessed to a remarkable degree that faculty of adaptation, which can suit its owner to any sphere.

The trunks were brought during the morning, and at her request were at once conveyed into the room placed at her disposal. The keys had been lost, but were speedily replaced by application to a neighboring blacksmith. Afterward she examined them curiously and marked some of the contents with the design of analyzing them more closely at an early date. Among these were Mr. Frampton's letters to both father and daughter, and papers apparently relating to the captain's business affairs.

Richard Holstead accomplished his mission so successfully that Mr. Frampton presented himself early in the afternoon. Cecil denied him an interview, pleading that she was yet too indisposed, but returned a kindly message to his solicitous inquiries.

He came daily, and was unremitting in his endeavors to relieve the tedium of her seclusion. He sent fresh flowers and choice fruits, together with a miscellany of the best current literature.

"He should make an attentive husband," reflected Cecil; but beyond this she bestowed little thought upon the man whose fate was soon to be linked with hers.

Cecil would not hazard a meeting until her face had regained its ordinary smooth fairness. Then, one morning, she selected from Eve's wardrobe a dress of some black, gauzy material, the crape at her neck fastened by a clasp of jet, and went down to meet Mr. Frampton's betrothed husband.

He started forward to meet her, a tall, broad-shouldered man, bearing full evidence in his appearance of the wear and tear of his fifty years. His hair had been brown, but was now thickly intermixed with gray. He had never been a handsome man, but his rugged features were softened by the kindness of his pleasant eyes, and his face was lined and interlined as much by application to business cares as the flitting of time.

A wide, firm mouth and square jaws evidenced decision of character, and Cecil knew at a glance that he would prove no plastic toy in her hands. He was a man who could be generous to a fault where his sympathies were enlisted, but one who would never forgive a deliberate injury.

He greeted her with a tenderness which was almost fatherly, and Cecil felt that, had she been really Eve Collingsbrooke, her heart would have gone out to him with grateful reciprocity. As Eve Collingsbrooke's counterfeit she was prepared to

overrule impulse by the calm weighing of events in her favor.

She had resolved that he should be pleased with her, and knew, when she saw his face light at beholding her, that she had not reckoned amiss.

During that first interview he settled the question which lay uppermost in his mind.

"Your father was my dearest friend, Eve," he said, addressing her by the name she falsely bore, "and I do sincerely mourn with you his loss. It was his intention soon to give you to me, but this late and event must hasten the time when I shall have a legal right to protect you. You must let me take you to my heart and home at once; let me cherish my little wife; share her sorrow, increase her joy. Shall it not be so, Eve?"

"I am yours," she replied, quietly, "when-ever you will."

So it was settled that there should be a quiet marriage ceremony ere long, after which they would return at once to Frampton.

Great trees may be whirled along by the current, yet a little obstacle may change its course by fixed opposition. Such an apparently small stumbling-block was to come in their way, influencing their plans but momentarily, at the time, but operating most seriously in the end.

(To be continued.)

The Red Mazeppa: OR, THE MADMAN OF THE PLAINS.

A STRANGE STORY OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER!

[THE RIGHT OF DRAMATIZATION RESERVED.]

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

FATHER AND SON.

WITH a stern and sullen look upon his face, Bandera galloped onward. His thoughts were not pleasant ones, yet in them he had compassed the death of the daring adventurer, who had so boldly challenged him to an encounter of wits.

"He shall die!" he muttered between his firm-set teeth; "die the death of a dog. Let him tell his precious secret to the inhabitants of the other world; never on this earth shall he rob Giralda of the heritage of Bandera. I have stained my soul too deeply with crime to gain the prize to pause now at another deed of blood to retain what I have gained. There seems to be a hidden power in this life, which human mind never yet has fathomed, which forces men on despite themselves. I am sometimes tempted to believe that the oriental creed of fatalism is the true one after all; what is to be, will be, despite our feeble efforts to shape affairs to suit ourselves. We are but puppets, and dance along moved by the wires of circumstance, and yet half the time we flatter ourselves that we are free creatures, and can either make or mar our fortunes."

The road along which the Mexican galloped was fringed here and there by heavy clumps of cactuses; for a while after leaving the mission-house, it ran straight as an arrow, and then curved suddenly to the west until it reached the bank of the river, that it followed into the town.

Bandera reached the bend in the road, and as he turned it, a slender stripling, rudely clad, rose suddenly from amid a clump of cactuses, to avoid which the road had turned from its way.

The horse of Bandera, frightened at the sudden appearance of the stranger, shied violently; a less skillful rider than the Mexican would have been unseated by an unexpected motion; but the iron hand of the rider gripping the bridle, checked the horse, and the cruel bit-shaped, Mexican fashion, to break jaws of steel—caused him to halt so quickly, that in pain he reared up on his hind legs and beat the air wildly with his hoofs.

Bandera's face was as pale and white as if the stripling, who had so suddenly appeared, had been a spirit fresh from the shades below rather than one of human mold.

And yet there was nothing about the youth to excite wonder, much less apprehension, except that he had the face and air of a gentleman, and yet was habited like a laborer.

In person he was tall and slightly-built; his hair, jet-black in hue, curled in crispy ringlets around his head; his eyes were large, full, and of the same color as his hair. In feature, the youth was strangely like the white-faced man who sat his horse like a statue and glared as though he beheld a ghost.

The proud eyes

you. Blame yourself then for the evil that is in me, not me for having it. I am but a passive agent, a chip floating on the surface of the stream at the mercy of every current.

"Do you remember my parting words?" cried the father, sternly.

"Oh, excellently well!" cried the youth, quickly. "I have a splendid memory. You told me never to let you see my face again, I remember."

"Why then do you cross my path? why will you not let me think that you are in the dishonored grave which you should have filled long ago?"

"I come to you because I want aid."

"And you expect aid from me?" Bandera exclaimed, frowning.

"Yes, I do," the youth replied, quietly.

"You dream," the father said, coldly.

"No, I come to you to make a bargain. I don't want the aid for myself exactly, for thanks to nimble fingers and a clever head, by cards and dice I can get enough to keep me for my wants; simple; but I have lost something, to find that something will cost a few golden ounces; more than I possess at present or have any chance of gaining."

"I make you a fine offer: lend me the money—I don't ask you to give it to me, because I hope some day to be able to pay you back—and I will agree that in the future I will keep out of your sight."

"You shall never know that such a person as myself exists in this world as far as I am concerned. You have plenty, spare me a little; you'll never miss it."

"What is it that you have lost?" Bandera asked.

"A woman!"

"The father's face fully betrayed the astonishment he felt."

"A woman!" he exclaimed, in wonder.

"Exactly! A woman who loves me and whom I love; a woman who would freely pour out her life's blood, drop by drop, to shield me, worthless vagabond that I am, from harm."

"And you say that you have lost her?"

"Yes!"

"How?"

"I can't tell; she has disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up; but give me the means and I'll find her if she is in the world; if she is not, I don't care how soon I get out of it."

"And if I do not choose to yield to this request of yours?" Bandera asked.

"I shall lie in wait here by the roadside and attack the first well-dressed man who rides to or from Dhanis," the youth said, seriously. "I am desperate; this girl that I speak of is the only being in this world that I have ever cared for. I don't exactly understand myself the feeling that is in my heart; I didn't dream how precious she was to me until she was taken from me."

"You will attack the first man, eh?" Bandera said, dryly.

"Yes."

"And the probabilities are that his pistol will blow out what few brains you have in that empty head of yours."

"That depends altogether whether he is quicker than I am," the youth replied, coolly.

"You promise me that if I accede to your request, I shall never again look upon your face?"

"I do."

"Is a bargain, then; how much do you require?"

"Twenty ounces."

"A large sum!"

"Yes; but think of what it will buy," said Luis, with a sneer on his face.

"Your absence; yes; well, to me it is worth more than twenty ounces," the father said, slowly.

"Send the money to the wine-shop of Diego. I will wait there for it."

"In an hour you may expect it."

"Thanks, señor; farewell!"

Again the young man removed the greasy sombrero, bowed gracefully, and then proceeded toward Dhanis, humming the strains of a merry drinking-song as he marched along.

With a frown on his dark features, Bandera sat motionless on his horse, and watched the youth until his form was hid from sight by the bushes that marked the turn of the road.

"Can this utterly worthless vagabond be indeed a son of mine?" the father muttered in sullen anger. "What a contrast to my peerless Geraldine! Who can be the woman that he loves? Or is it but a pretext to wring some money from me? If he will keep his word, and never let me see his face again, I shall count the golden ounces well invested. Now for the White Indians, I shall need their aid. When the 'Panther' seeks the leaden casket in the old well, there must be witnesses by."

Slowly Bandera rode onward, plotting the death-snare of the adventurer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REFUGE OF THE OUTLAW.

A DARK and narrow passage cutting the mountain range, through it the waters of the Rio Sabinal plunging in mad glee. Pinyon and cactus growing thick by the river's bank, struggling for existence amid the rocks.

At the entrance to the dark passage, the prairie, covered with tall grass, garnished by thousands of brilliant-hued flowers, nodding their plumed heads playfully in the gentle breeze that swept over the surface of the broad plain.

The sun sinks in the west, a flood of light, crimson, purple and gold bathes prairie, wood and river. The shades of night are creeping slowly over the plain.

One living object alone visible on the broad prairie. A horseman riding furiously onward, heading toward the spot where the Rio Sabinal escapes from the close embrace of the wooded ravine, and sinks to rest on the bosom of the iron.

The horseman is iron-willed Bandera.

Reaching the spot where wood, prairie, and river join, he dismounts from his horse, leads him within the shelter of the thicket, and picks him there by his lariat.

Then, with a firm step, he strides onward, tracing the gurgling river up into the dark shadows of the ravine. Onward he goes without thought or hesitation, as though the way was as well known to him as the road that led from his own hacienda to the hamlet of Dhanis.

Rough the path, toilsome the ascent, the rocks slippery, wet by the spray rising from the river, where it poured its waters like an avalanche of silver against the jagged, beetling cliff-side.

For a good half-hour the Mexican followed the stream up into the ravine, the shadows of night growing darker and darker.

Suddenly Bandera halted, and cast a searching glance around him.

"This is the place, if I mistake not," he muttered.

Before him rose a tall cliff, its base hid by a dense growth of bushes; the Sabinal on the left washed the side of the cliff.

Bandera placed his fingers in his mouth, and imitated the cry of the nightingale.

Thrice the soft notes rung on the air; a moment of silence followed, then an answer came; the melancholy cry of the owl floated on the bosom of the air.

A smile of satisfaction appeared on Bandera's dark face.

"Good," he muttered, "my quest will not be a fruitless one."

Hardly had the words left his lips, when from the rushes that fringed the base of the steep cliff, came a noise that plainly told that some living thing, human or beast, was making its way through the shrubbery.

Bandera remained motionless; the noise was evidently expected, by him, for he did not seem in the least disturbed, and his hand grasped not a weapon.

The bushes parted, and a muscular, black-bearded man stepped into the little opening.

He was habited strangely; Indian leggings of deer-skin; a frilled and ruffled shirt of the finest linen; a Mexican jacket, gay with golden trimmings, and fancifully adorned with knots of ribbon. His head was bare, the long, black hair, cropped across the forehead, Indian fashion, floating down around his neck and shoulders.

The silken sash, wrapped many times around his waist, supported a huge, broad-bladed knife, and four pistols, of different sizes and patterns, ranging from the cavalry weapon of the dragoon to the gilded toy of the town exquisite.

Such was Michael Dago, the hunter-brigand, known far and wide as the chief of the terrible band, who fancifully called themselves the "White Indians."

"Welcome, señor!" cried the outlaw in a loud, hoarse voice, as he emerged from the thicket, and beheld Bandera. It was evident from the manner of the brigand-chief that the wealthy Mexican was no stranger to him.

"I come again, you see," Bandera said.

"More need for strong arms and daring hearts, eh?" questioned Michael. "Well, I'm ready, be the work what it may."

"Are the others within the cave? for I require them instantly. What is to be done must be done at once."

"You are in luck, señor!" cried Michael, with a hoarse laugh. "The White Indians are all at home, and ready to receive visitors; and as for work, we are ready for action at a moment's notice. Point out the quarry, and we'll fly at it as the wolf flies at the wounded deer."

"Go on, I'll follow you," Bandera said.

Without a word the outlaw led the way into the thicket. Bandera followed in his footsteps.

The bushes pushed aside, revealed a well-beaten path within, winding like a snake through the chapparal. It was plain that human foot had trodden it.

The path led through the thicket till it reached the cliff. In the side of the rock a dark hole revealed a cavity within.

The outlaw stooped and crawled through the hole. Bandera followed.

A few yards the two crept on in total darkness; then the passage turned abruptly to the right, and a cave, some thirty feet in diameter, stood revealed.

The cave was lit by huge candles, stuck in massive silver candlesticks, evidently wrested by the outlaws from some wealthy church.

Buffalo-skins, scattered around, served as couches. Upon the skins reclined two men. One, a tall, muscular man, about as red in hue as an Indian, was lazily smoking a cigarette; he was known as Red Jose. The other was a little, yellow-skinned Mexican, with eyes like black beads, and a cruel smile over his thin lips. He was called Pepe, and from his wily ways and cunning acts further called "the snake."

These three men, Michael Dago, the giant, Red Jose, the half-breed, and Pepe, the snake, composed the band that had won such a dreadful name as the White Indians. No red prairie brave as merciless as they, no painted warrior as fierce, no Comanche or Apache chief as cruel.

The two outlaws reclining within the cave nodded a salutation to Bandera as he entered. The Mexican was well known to them.

"Now to business," said Michael, depositing his huge frame upon a buffalo-skin, and motioning his visitor to a seat; "in what way can we serve you, señor?"

Bandera sat down upon the skin couch.

"Two services I desire at your hands," he said.

"Two, good?" cried the outlaw chief, while Pepe rubbed his hands together softly and smiled.

"For the first, do you know the old ruined mission-house by the river?"

"Yes; years ago the good father attempted to teach me how to read and write there, but I preferred the back of a mustang and a free gallop over the prairie to musty books," the outlaw said.

"By the mission-house is a well—"

"But dry as a desert under a hot sun," cried Pepe.

"Yes. Now, listen. There is a certain man in this world that I wish were out of it. He's a daring blade, an adventurer well used to handling weapons; one who will fight for his life as the tiger-mother fights for her young. This man has been tricked into the belief that at the bottom of the dry well the mission priests have buried a large store of gold."

"The mission priests bury gold, ha! ha!" and the outlaws roared at the idea. "Why, the poor devils had all they could do to live," continued Michael.

"When he seeks the well, which will probably be before morning, he must be waited for," Bandera said, significantly.

"Exactly; he seeks gold and must find steel!" the outlaw said, quietly.

"He must never leave the ruins of the mission-house alive."

"He shall not; what is he like?"

"A tall fellow, well-built, black hair and eyes, face browned, dressed roughly, long mustache," Bandera replied, in answer to Michael's question. "There is hardly a possibility of a mistake, for no one else is likely to seek that deserted spot. And now for the other service. There has lately come to Dhanis two strangers—North Americans."

"The mustangers! I know them!" Michael said.

"One must die,"

"Which?"

"The young man."

"It will be difficult to snare him," the

outlaw said, thoughtfully; "he is young, strong; besides, he is seldom alone."

"I can arrange a trap for him also; he is in love; he will seek his love some night—"

"And we will lay in wait for him!"

"Yes; a sudden stroke in the dark and youth or strength are of little avail."

"These two services will cost money."

"How much?"

"Thirty ounces; that's ten apiece."

"It is a bargain," Bandera replied.

"Away at once to the old mission-house; then come to me in the morning. Frame some excuse, that none may guess why you come to the hacienda."

And so the compact was made.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WARNING.

"DERNED if it ain't all like a dream!" said Crockett, in a whisper.

The Indians, the madman, the mystic light and the red ball of fire all had disappeared like a fleeting vision due to slumber's chain.

Had not the sound of the hoofs of the Indian mustangs still hovered on the air, the three could hardly have believed that the strange scene which they had just witnessed was indeed reality and not a disordered dream.

Fainter and fainter grew the sounds of the horses' hoofs. A moment more and the sound died away altogether.

"We are saved," said the girl, impressively.

"Yes, that mad critter said he'd pull us through, and blamed if he hasn't done it. I never expected to see such a sight as this. I don't wonder that the red devils thought that they were sent for. Wake snakes! how they did put across the per-er-er, chain lightning wasn't nowar!" Crockett cried, his naturally lively spirits returning to him.

"And now, señors, farewell! I shall never forget that you have saved me from a dreadful death; I shall pray that the day may come that I may repay the service," said the girl, earnestly.

"You will leave us, then?" Gilbert questioned.

"Yes, my pathway in life lies widely apart from yours, although, for the moment, fate has chosen to bring them together."

"Say, little gal, if 'tain't pryin' too much inter your affairs, why would you be beginnin'?" asked Crockett.

"No wonder town, Dhanis," replied the girl, pointing to the south.

"And you go alone on foot across the prairie?" Gilbert asked.

"Yes."

"And git gobbled up by these 'tarnal red niggers, sure as shootin'?" growled Crockett.

"I do not fear," the girl replied.

"Yes, but do. Sho! you've had a putty nigh shave of it already. It's temptin' Providence fur to risk your life agin. Why not go with us to the edge of the town and then you can 'lite out what you like?"

"My friend is right," said Gilbert; "and I trust, señorita, that you will not persist in your determination."

"Your will should be law to her whose life you have saved; I will do as you wish," replied the girl.

"Let's be travelin' then, for them 'tarnal critters might take it into their painted noddles to take the back-track an' look arter us."

"But the dead horse, The Lightning—" said Gilbert.

"What of the critter?"

"By right I should carry back some proof that I have won the wager and tamed The Lightning."

"Wake snakes! but you're right there, every time!" cried Crockett. "S'pose you cut off the tail of the animal?"

"That will be proof enough," said the girl.

"Keep in your saddle; I'll fix it for you in a brace of shakes."

Then Crockett slid from his horse's back to the ground, and his tail form disappeared in the gloom that hung so densely over the surface of the prairie.

"You will not reveal to me, then, the name of the cruel wretch who sent you forth lashed to the back of the wild horse, to find a grave on the prairie?" Gilbert asked.

"I would rather not," the girl said, softly.

"You have no desire for vengeance?"

"A mightier power than is compassed by poor, weak human nature will give me all the vengeance that I crave."

"But, if you should need friends you will not forget us?"

"Forget you?" and the girl's voice betrayed how intense was the feeling that swayed her heart. "No, never while I live; and each night in my prayer to the Virgin Mother, I will ask a blessing upon the heads of the two North American strangers who saved the poor Mexican girl from her terrible danger."

"You pray to the Virgin, then?" Gilbert asked.

"Yes; do you take me for a daughter of one of the wild Indian tribes because I wear a dress of deer-skin?"

"Such was my thought."

"You are wrong. The blood of two nations flows in my veins, but I am more Mexican than Indian. I wear the prairie garb because it suits my free life. I am fully as much at home upon the back of a mustang as on the ground. The story of my life is a strange one; I am a child of the prairie—like the tall grass and nodding flowers. No earthly parent has ever called me child; the fond father's caress, the loving mother's kiss, I never have known; I sprang like a weed from the yellow soil, for aught that I can tell."

The Mustang had listened, deeply interested, to the mournful words of the girl.

"Poor girl! your story is a sad one," he said, and his heart warmed with sympathy for the orphaned maid whose slight form he held within his strong arms.

"Yes, and my life has been a sad one, too," the girl said, sorrowfully.

"And your name—how are you called?"

"Silver-spear."

"A strange name, and one after the Indian fashion."

"'Twas given me because the blanket in which I was wrapped when I was found hid amid the wild prairie-flowers was fastened with a silver pin fashioned like a spear."

"Sho! hyer's a tall tale that kin a tale unfold, and Crockett's tall form once more stood by the side of the little girl mustang. In his hand he carried the trophy of victory—the superb flowing tail of the black stallion."

With a bound the hunter leaped into the saddle.

"Let us onward, then," cried Gilbert.

Straight toward Dhanis they rode.

Few words the three exchanged on the way.

Three hours' ride and the hacienda of Bandera was reached.

"Halt, señor," said the maid, softly.

"Here we must part." And as Gilbert reined in his steed, the girl glided from his arms to the ground.

"Farewell, since it must be so," the Mustang cried; "but, remember, if you ever need friends, call upon the North Americans."

"I shall remember," the girl said quickly, and then, seizing the hand of the Mustang, she carried it to her lips and imprinted a warm, moist kiss upon it. A second more and her slight figure was lost in the gloom.

"Say, Gil, pears to me I heered the squeak of a little kiss! That ain't fair! Why didn't the she-critter pass it 'round?" and Crockett chuckled at the conceit.

"'Twas but a touch of her lips to my hand," Gilbert replied. "The poor child is very grateful for the service we have done her."

"Waal, I ain't no great shakes on wimin, anyway; but I'd a heap sight rather be hugged by that little gal than by an old she-bur."

"A peculiar taste you have," Gilbert replied, laughing.

"Always a peculiar," Crockett replied, with a grin. "When I was a babbly, no higher than a chaw-tobacco, I knew the difference between sugar and vinegar afore any one told me."

The two rode onward.

Soon their horses' hoofs rung out on the broad plaza of Dhanis.

The Americans occupied a little adobe house in a narrow lane leading from the right of the square to the river. A small corral at the back of the house gave shelter to the horses.

Gilbert entered the house while Crockett took the horses into the corral.

Hardly had the Mustang crossed the threshold, and before he could close the door behind him, a dark form glided across the street, and entered the house close upon the heels of the American.

Gilbert turned in astonishment; he had heard the footfall, light as it was; nay, more—had detected the rustle of a woman's dress.

Why should a woman seek him at that hour of the night? Such was the question that the astonished Mustang put to himself.

The woman halted upon the doorstep.

Through the gloom, Gilbert could just make out that his strange visitor was a woman, closely wrapped in a dark cloak, evidently worn as a disguise. The hood of the mantle concealed her face. Two glorious dark eyes alone could he see.

"You are Gilbert, The Mustang?" the strange visitor asked, evidently trying to disguise her voice.

"Yes," Gilbert replied. He could have sworn that the voice was familiar to him.

"You are in danger."

"Who are you that tell me so?"

"Seek not to discover, but believe that I speak the truth."

Gilbert advanced and laid his hand upon the arm of the woman.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 102.)

The Robbers' Cave.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

In the fall of 1896 a beautiful little schooner yacht was cruising among the rocky islands along the coast of Maine, and having as a crew a party of seven young gentlemen.

As they were running up the coast one pleasant evening, the wind went down with the sun, and almost motionless the yacht lay upon the water, hardly more than a mile from one of the largest of a group of islands.

After nightfall the crew was startled from their indolent positions about the deck, by seeing a bright light upon the shore, and so bright was it, that they could distinctly discover a small group of persons standing in what appeared to be the entrance of a large cave.

All was interest at once on the yacht, and the crew closely watched the movements of those on shore, and their curiosity increased as they saw the form of a woman come within the lighted area, and a man arise from a seat, taking her rudely by the arm and conduct her back again into the shadow of the cavern; then, as they watched, they saw about a dozen men come from the cave, and disappear in the gloom down toward the water's edge. A moment more the sound of oars was heard, and by piercing into the darkness, a large boat could be seen steering up the coast, and as it crossed the light, streaming out upon the ocean from the cavern's entrance, the party noticed that the boat was full of men.

"Well, this is a strange coincidence," remarked Manton Weston, the captain of the yacht.

"So it is, Manton; and I really believe we have discovered a nest of smugglers," returned Boyd Latimer, one of the crew.

"In that cave, Boyd, I intend to reconnoiter. So five of us will take the boat and row ashore, while you remain with Blazon; this, with the cook and steward, will leave four of you to guard the yacht," said Captain Weston, to whom the yacht belonged, and who had invited his friends to join him in a summer's cruise.

All was soon in readiness, and the captain and his four companions, all well armed, entered the small boat, and half an hour afterward, landed upon the island.

Leaving two companions in the boat, Manton and the other two slowly and cautiously began the ascent of the hill leading to the cave, and as the light had been put out some time before, there was nothing to guide them, the night being exceedingly dark.

Finding themselves in a beaten path, the party continued on, and in a few steps came upon a kind of table-rock, and in the face of the hill that towered above it, discovered the entrance to the cave.

"What! back so soon! what's the matter?" asked a voice from within.

"We belong on board the yacht 'Geraldine,' and came ashore for pleasure," answered Manton.

"Ha! say you so! Then the sooner you get out of this, the better for you," said a man, advancing from the cave.

"We have a right to land upon this coast, and will not be intimidated by threats," firmly responded the young captain.

"Oh, save me from these wretches!" and

as much startled by the exclamation, as the appearance of a beautiful young girl rushing out of the cave, and claiming their protection, the yachtmen hardly knew what to say; when the man who formerly had spoken said, gruffly, as he advanced toward the maiden:

"Back into the cave, Miss; this won't do—"

"Hands off, sir! You certainly shall have our protection, Miss," answered Manton.

"Young man, you are putting your life in danger," and again the burly ruffian advanced to seize the young girl.

"Hands off, sir, I warn you!" and Manton drew a pistol from his belt; but the man seized the girl firmly by the shoulder.

"Save me, sir! for God's sake, save me!"

And the sharp report of the yachtman's pistol answered her. The man let go his hold, put his hand to his belt as if to draw a weapon, and then fell backward—dead.

"Heavens! Manton, what have you done!" exclaimed one of the young captain's companions, horrified at the impulsive act of his friend.

"Protected this woman—and you, sir—come out of

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Our Arm-Chair.

What Liquor Drinkers Drink.—A correspondent—who, apparently, is in the "liquor business"—writes to know if we can give him the secret of manufacturing all kinds of liquor from one. We think there is no secret in the case. It is now a system—that of "manufacturing" liquors; and of the vast amount of rum, gin, brandy, etc., drunk at our popular bars, it is fair to assume that not one-tenth part is any thing but a vile compound.

So openly and undisguised is this business, that we now see signs on our streets of "Compounders of Liquors," and if a person is observed going into that compounder's rooms but "spirits" or "high wines," and various drugs. With this spirits for a base, the compounder turns out any required liquor or wine, from cheap rum to champagne.

The fact that a liquor dealer who can get a good rum of business realizes enormous profits, is evident in the rapidity with which they become wealthy. The grog-shop that can retail twenty dollars worth a day has a net profit of more than half that amount. The whisky dealer who falls does so from no want of enormous gains.

Taken all in all, liquor drinking must be pronounced the most extravagant and hurtful of all men's bad habits; and he who swallows the stuff passed to him over even the most fashionable "bars," is indeed a victim of misplaced confidence. Could he see just what was in his glass he would shrink from it with disgust and terror.

A Sermon of One Clause.—"Give unto the Devil his due," is the very prevalent excuse for condoning with wrong. The rule of conduct which every young person should adopt, never will permit any such law to govern as that which arranges for averages—that is, of letting some virtue offset some vice. Giving the Devil his due means, if it means any thing—take Satan by the hand sometimes, and pat him on the back. It means, as applied to conduct, to concede to the *roue*, the vicious—the depraved, when they are arraigned for their badness, all credit for what good they may have done. It presupposes a kind of account.

Now, while Charity is greater than all other virtues, even charity can be unjust. We can not afford to let virtues offset crimes. If that law prevails, then the Devil is not so bad, after all. If each human being is to average his acts, then there is little or no immediate responsibility. Courts are then supererogatory, for a commission to investigate will answer as well, and, until the commission announces its decision, the sinner is as good as the saint.

No; those who would give the Devil his due must not let Lucifer reign a lifetime and then strike an average; nor must they pat Satan on the back, for that is as much as to say "good fellow!" but rather let us, while we ever applaud what is good, omit no occasion to condemn what is bad, and to let the rascal, the swearer, the deceiver, the ruffian, all feel that they must reform if they would find acceptance in honest men's consideration.

The Grand Rounds.—A correspondent writes: "My JOURNAL goes the 'grand rounds.' It is not confined to one family, or, indeed, to the town, but goes six miles and is read by a man over eighty years old, who can read it without glasses. When the numbers come back to me they are all worn out."

Our friend is a benefactor. It is a true test of his benevolence to lend his paper. To lend a shirt is a gracious act; to lend your cook-stove is true charity; but, to lend your beloved paper, over a whole country, places the lender among the Benefactors.

Without wishing to detract from our friend's glory as a public benefactor, we can not help thinking that one copy is made to do too much good. Just suggest, friend H., to fifteen or twenty of the borrowers, the propriety of each one owning a copy, for then the great law of compensations will be satisfied.

What Mailable Matter is Subject to Letter Postage.—As the Post-office Department is greatly annoyed by the ignorance of the general public as well as of numerous postmasters, of the *regulations* of the Department, and of its interpretation of the Postal Laws, we beg leave to call attention to the subject, as one of interest to all who have to use the mails.

From official rulings of the Post-office Department, as compiled in "The Handbook for Postmasters," etc., (S. H. Knapp, New York, publisher), all matter hereinafter named is made subject to LETTER POSTAGE, and every violation of the law as here laid down, subjects the offender to punishment by the United States Courts.

Newspapers wrapped and sent to regular subscribers in paper on which has previously been written editorial or other matter, printed catalogues or other printed matter marked or written upon so as to convey other or further information than is given in the original print.

Musical manuscript, handbills inclosed in newspapers by publishers, without prepayment of letter postage, punishable by fine of \$5 for each offense.

All printed matter folded in a newspaper as a supplement thereto, unless it be a genuine appendage to the newspaper in question, of the same essential character and printed in the same office.

Circulars which contain writing other than the address. (The introduction of a date in

writing, in a circular, subjects it to letter postage.

Wearing apparel, except when sent to non-commissioned officers and privates serving in the armies of the United States.

If a postmaster can not examine printed matter without destroying the wrapper he should charge letter postage on it.

Newspapers with the initials of the sender on the wrapper, or a book with words "compliments," etc., written in, with all manuscript matter for publication in newspapers or magazines.

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Circulars addressed to different parties but inclosed in one package.

Newspapers mailed from the office of publication upon the wrappers of which the business card of any other firm may be printed.

Manuscripts for pamphlets, and corrected proofs.

Newspapers containing scraps of cloth, a catalogue or any other printed matter, a book upon the fly-leaf of which is written a name.

All communications wholly or partly in writing, whether inclosed in a sealed or unsealed envelope.

Insurance blanks having the written signature of the president.

Any word or communication, whether by printing or writing, mark or signs upon the wrapper of a newspaper or other printed matter, other than the name and address of the person to whom it is sent and the date when the subscription expires.

Any description of mail matter passing at less than letter rate must be so inclosed or wrapped as to admit of examination without destroying the wrapper.

GOOD CLOTHES.

That dear old soul, Grandma Lawless, who gives me so many nice ideas, and who used to bestow on me so many good scoldings, ere I outgrew them, has just entered my sanctum and propounds the somewhat startling query: "Why is it, Eve, that women's heads are so filled with dress?" and of course I innocently inquire, "Why, grandma, are they, really?" I always answer grandma by asking her another question, which shows how much I depend on her superior judgment. Grandma said no more, but took a paper from her pocket and read the following:

"Two ladies looking at the moon, through a telescope, and noticing its jagged edges, exclaimed: 'How beautiful! just like Hamburg lace!'"

I know a man wrote that, at least I imagine he did, because it sounds so spiteful. Women never say spiteful things you know. I never do, but if I did I'd say that the author of that little paragraph was somewhat right and just a trifle wrong. He'd have made the picture much more natural if he'd said, "Two young men were standing before a carpet-store, and noticing the somewhat large patterns, remarked, 'Wouldn't those make stunning patterns for a vest?' I ought to know. Haven't I a brother Tom, and what is the use of having a brother Tom, if not to hear what the opposite sex talk about?"

This question of good clothes is of just as much vital importance to man as to woman. A good hat to a masculine is as important as a bonnet to a feminine. They may laugh at our wearing so many pinks and posies on our bonnets, but if it was the fashion for them to stick sunflowers and dandelions in their hats they'd do it.

Oh, don't I wish they would! I think it would look so funny to see them; yet no one seems inclined to set such a fashion. It wouldn't be half so horrid as some that our sex set.

You'd ought to go out and live on a farm some summer, and see how these farmers abolish fashion, and throw all thoughts of good clothes to the four winds. You don't catch them making hay with kid gloves on, or clearing out the barn-yard with velvet slippers and silk stockings. They'd laugh in your face to hear such things mentioned. Yet, there are times when good clothes are essential to their happiness—when the lads go courting, and the lassies wait home to receive them. Then comes the time to see them "spunged up," and I'd wager the *lads* have paid more time to their adornment than the *ladies* have to theirs. One good reason is, they've more need of it. That isn't right for me to say; yet I couldn't help it. The temptation was too strong for me to resist, but there are some who will take that remark for gospel truth; so I guess it's not best to cross it out.

But there's something about this rush for good clothes I don't like to see. There are so many who will keep a scant larder for the sake of arraying themselves in costly finery. They deprive themselves of good, healthy food, so they can procure grand raiment. I don't like to find fault, yet I've often wished a certain person would have a few more eatables, and less good clothes. And to think of her boasting that she has done without this thing or that other in order to get her "company rig!" The result was natural. She had almost starved herself, and was down sick in consequence. I call that paying rather dear for one's good clothes.

I remember when I was a wee bit of a girl, and thought everybody knew more than I did, I asked my Sunday-school teacher if it wasn't wrong to be fond of good clothes? She answered me, with a most sanctimonious air, that it was not only wrong, but a crying and demoralizing sin. I thought there was no hope for me, because I *did* love to wear the fur tippet grandma made me a present of. Would you believe it?—the very next day I heard my Sunday-school mark asking a friend of hers if she didn't think the new fashion of bonnets just the sweetest in the world, and she was about crazy to have one.

Well, well, I suppose it's human nature to be fond of good clothes.

EVE LAWLESS.

BASHFULNESS.

BASHFULNESS is commonly regarded as a serious misfortune, and if we may judge from all we see and hear, it is one which prevails to a very great extent.

The "Answers to Correspondents" columns of all the papers are half-filled with inquiries from distressed victims of bashfulness, concerning a way to get rid of their trouble. I notice that these letters are generally from *men*. Now, I don't suppose that occurs because women are more free from timidity than their brothers.

No, it is only that they possess tact and ingenuity enough to get rid of a failing without exposing it to everybody else. It

is only the stronger sex who are weak enough to betray their faults before folks!

But I lay it down as one of my premises that bashfulness is not a fault at all. I think the possession of it argues a pure mind and a true heart. Did any one ever know a very wicked person who was also a very bashful person? I think not. Bashfulness, timidity and modesty must be laid aside for boldness, recklessness and carelessness before one can become hardened in sin.

Bashfulness springs from modesty—from a feeling that we shall not appear well in comparison with others, or meet their approbation. And in these days it is only a pity a great many of us had not a great deal more modesty, and a great deal less self-consciousness.

Still it is quite well to have even our modesty under sufficient control to prevent us from appearing excessively awkward in society. It spoils one's pleasure entirely to feel as if one were all feet, or not know what in the world to do with one's hands, or be unable to control one's tongue and say the right thing in the right place.

One can never enter a room full of company without seeing some whose embarrassment and diffidence are so very evident that one longs to say or do something to put them at their ease. But the chances are ten to one that if you do venture to say a word, you only increase their embarrassment and make matters worse instead of better.

The bashfulness of men in the presence of women is often, I think, caused by their deep reverence which they feel for their fair sisters. I take notice that the higher idea of the beauty and sacredness of womanhood a man has, the more likely he is to feel constrained and embarrassed in the society of ladies. And instead of making his bashfulness the butt of merriment, they ought to be the more anxious and careful to be worthy of representing so high an ideal.

I need hardly say here that it is not a mark of good breeding to make sport of a bashful person—but I am reminded of a little circumstance which occurred in this very village, and I think I will relate it. One evening, in a mixed company, a merry, mirth-and-mischief-loving girl was sitting beside a young gentleman who was himself very diffident and painfully conscious of his infirmity, making funny remarks about any one who came in, taking opportunity to ridicule every thing and everybody she could.

"Oh!" said she, "I do think it is such fun to be in society and quietly watch other folks, to laugh at their mistakes!"

"That is the very reason," remarked Mr. —, "why I always wish to move in the best society, because in the best society one's mistakes are never laughed at."

Don't you think she received a pretty good rebuke?

I suppose the only advice which can be given to bashful people, to aid them in overcoming it, is to go frequently into good society, mix as much as possible with kind and cultivated people, and try to learn self-forgetfulness.

"Like beggars like," you know, and constant association with people of good breeding and easy manners will tend greatly to make us like them.

MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

THEY come to us all, some day. Who lives that has not, during his life, aspired to something that he was unable to reach? The sorrow of mankind may nearly all be traced to blighted hopes. Like frost upon the green leaves, comes the chilling conviction that our hopes are forever dead. We may live; but he who once has placed his whole mind on the attaining of some object, and fails of reaching it—life to him seems a burden—a weary burden.

To youth, blighted hopes come like the cold dew of evening upon the flowers. The sun next morning banishes the dew, and the flower is brighter and purer, from its momentary affliction. Sorrow purifies the heart of youth as the rain purifies the growing plant.

At times, all looks cold; even this beautiful world of God's seems a dreary dwelling-place. But to an ambitious youth, feelings like these do not last long. He has an object in life, and if he fails in one thing, he tries another.

"Never despair!" is the motto of the aspiring youth, as he mounts the ladder which will either lead him to fame or to disgrace. He has friends to encourage him, parents to advise him; his own mind is as pure as the sparkling water.

"Young love, by day and night, encircles him," and his visage shows he feels her magical influences.

The envious may rail at him—may seek to stain his character. But his resolve is not to be put down, and he works with a new determination. With youth and virtue for guides, with the love of God in his heart, such a youth can not fail of what he undertakes. Blighted hopes will come, perhaps, but he will in time surmount all youthful failures, and at manhood will stand sublime—the builder of his own character, fame and fortune—an honor to his country!

Such men have lived, and many such are still living, we hope. Not that the careers of all good men are as perfect as is the career of the one we have described; but we mean to say that no man lives that in his breast does not exist one particle of human kindness. A man may be bad—all bad, as the world may say—but deep down in his heart will be found at least one good quality. The evil may nearly choke out the good, but no man lives whose heart is entirely evil.

Too many men give way to trifles—one discouragement has been the ruin of a man. But the man that was ruined by one failure lacked another. He was timid, sensitive; he feared ridicule, and his energy was lacking. This his name must be added to the list of aspiring ones whose hopes have been blighted.

There are scoffers, slanderers, proud, cold-hearted people in this world, and they are always ready to give a chilling word or a contemptuous look to discourage the aspiring youth. But he should remember that "Who labors to please all, pleases none," and not let unworthy objects check his onward career.

Understand nothing without first counting the cost; "Be sure you are right, then go ahead;" "Put your trust in God," etc., are words of advice given every day. But, ah! how very many that hear them stop not to consider their meaning. But if all would act up to these mottoes, the world would hear less of blighted hopes and broken hearts.

E. W. BARTLETT.

Foolscap Papers.

Grant's Views on Tanning.

Nor long ago I was again in Washington, that city of "magnificent differences." There were no amusements going on there except Congress—no other varieties—so I went there in the afternoon and occupied the highest seat in the house—the top one in the gallery. The performance wasn't interesting and it was very seldom that I stomped or burrahed. I saw that the main object of the performers was to see who could get in the biggest bill and get it passed. One fellow while I was there presented a bill so large that he was compelled to send down to the type foundry and get all the naughts in the shop; the bill was 1,000,000,000, which every citizen can translate "I owe—owe—owe, etc.," to his heart's content if it'll do him any good.

The main object of my visit to W. was to get Mr. Grant's views on Tanning, as I am writing a book for the benefit of Tanners, to be bound in leather, so toward evening I called at the White House and found him in the woodshed splitting kindlings, a stick of which had just struck him across the main supporters of his administration—his legs—and he was skipping around the woodshed rubbing his shins and seriously damaging the character of that unfortunate stick of wood from between his teeth at every hop he made.

He hadn't noticed me enter.

"That was the worst blow the administration has received yet," I said.

He straightened up and tried to look as if nothing had happened.

"Mr. Whitehorn, as surely as I'm alive, or nearly so. Take a seat," and he offered me the saw-buck and went to looking around for his cigar which he said he had dropped.

I told him I hadn't come with the express intention of staying for supper, but to find out what he knew about Tanning, and that, if he had a stick of the saw-buck himself and preceded, I would split his kindlings for him, which he did.

He said that his father gave him his first lessons in the art; he was a regular tanner, and never lost an occasion to impress it upon his boy's mind—and his back; and he took great pains to learn it—the art. He said his father was a regular Tanner-talus, and that it was he who originated the phrase, "Give him Jesse."

He used to tan his hide with a piece of oak bark, which was the hardest thing, as there was plenty of it lying around loose.

He said old Jesse was very sincere in his views of tanning, but, as for himself, he couldn't help but differ then with him in regard to the *modus operandi*. The old man, he said, was very enthusiastic. It was a very common thing for the neighbors to bring their boys to his father to have them tanned. He would be a good while at it, as he wanted to make a good job and didn't care very much for time.

Tanning, said Mr. Grant, drawing away at the short stump of his cigar, as if he wanted to get the last cent out of it—tanning should be commenced on boys at a very early age and while they are fresh. Birch bark is very excellent to begin with and you can't put it on too thick. As the boy's hide progresses in the operation, it will be necessary to change the application by substituting rawhide, repeating the dose from three to five times a day as the nature of the impatient requires.

His views on this point now may seem very radical, but that is what he wanted them to be. Every lick his father gave him on his back sent him forward in the world just so much, and sometimes very suddenly, and he is sure that if his father had not exercised his trade in that peculiar birch branch of it he would not at this moment be occupying the Presidential saw-buck, which, he remarked, was a little trying to sit on.

Zedemian, he continued, was a branch of the trade to which old Jesse used to resort. This operation is performed with a cane, to be followed with an application of some kind of excellent advice.

Old Sol, he remarked, with a smile, is a great tanner. I dearly loved to do all my tanning in the sun, and never thought it very hard work. I have pursued this part of our business with the most superhuman zeal—sitting on a log by the river in the sun, fishing for shiners, and never getting tired, happy as a new postmaster, without a pocket to my cent in, and now and then a nibble, and the old gentleman thinking I was at school, and little guessing how that fishing-rod would eventually become the rod of empire.

Tan-dem, he observed, is a part of the trade which is excessively pleasant to drive. It is the only preferable Presidential turn-out.

Tan-sy is not a direct branch of the trade proper, he thought.

Black and tan-ning, said Mr. Grant, as he sucked the short bit of cigar into his mouth and spat it out quick, is performed by putting the dogs in the vats and covering them up with their own bark unpounded, the dogs being pounded before being put in.

He said he had left the business on a tangent, as he could tan-gibly prove. Didn't believe the right card though was the tankard; nor did he admire a Charle-tan; thought well of the Puritan.

These opinions of tanning he considered tan-tamount to all other respectable opinions. I was struck with his views, and at the same time also with a stick of wood, that flew up and took me across the nose. It jarred the bridge, and the tiers fell; but I was calmed down by him promising to appoint me keeper of the first toll-gate vacant on the Mudburg pike, with the refusal of the ministership to the Potawatamie Indians.

Then he said he "would invite me to take supper with him, but—"

"Make no excuses," said I, breaking in; "I'll be content with any thing that is set before me."

He praised my coolness in high terms, and we went in to supper.

Yours in leather-gy,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

SEBASTH is the beautiful river in the week of Time. The other days are troubled streams whose angry waters are disturbed by the countless crafts that float upon them; but the pure river, Sabbath, flows on to eternal rest, chanting the sublime music of the silent, throbbing spheres, and timed by the pulsations of the everlasting life. Beautiful river, Sabbath, glide on. Bear forth on thy bosom the poor, tired spirit to the rest which it seeks, and the weary, watching soul to endless bliss.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future use except those of MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book MS., and be sealed in wrappers with open ends, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not sent; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Or two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to editor and compiler, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving its title or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We have to decline the following contributions—those having stamps inclosed being promptly returned: "Too Late," "Reflections," "A Desecrated Burial Ground," "The Very Least," "Trial of Puggles," "My Father's," "Metropolitan Jottings," "The Working Girls," "Music," "Leap Year Ride," (send it to the *Waverley*); "Advice to a Lady," "To Fanny."

Will find place for "Fretting," "A Word for the West," "Ghost at the Wedding," "Somerset," "A Memory," very good; "Withered Leaf," "The Ship," "Coming Home," "The Night of the Bashful," "At the Ball," "Love and Leap Year," "Cora's Failure."

DAVE CROCKETT. Not that we know of.

JUNE. Your poem is decidedly crude. It is among the unavailables.

H. S. R. Write to some glass manufacturer in Pittsburgh or Cincinnati for prices. Any person can make and sell ink without a patent.

DICK. Rather too young, you are, for serious talent in the marriage line. Any number of flowers yet too young by four or five years. "Wait a little longer," both of you.

J. H. SMITH. "Frank Forrester," (William Henry Herbert) is dead. A very good one, but the dog and bird fanciers in this city. A prime beagle is worth \$50.

IN A FIX. No impropriety whatever in your presenting the lady with an autograph. The lady, locket or keepsake. Send it "with the compliments of a friend and well-wisher." If you were her admirer before marriage it is best to be very circumspect about any future "attention" to her.

MAX K. Name your paper "The Student's Casket," "The School Escribore," "Pen and Ink," etc., etc.

MARQUIS D. L. O. The cost of sending black walnut lumber from New York to New York is too great to make it "pay." It is sent here in the top, from Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, coming by water at least half the way.

A. C. We shall not publish "Dark Secret" in book form. Chemistry must be studied under some good teacher. No text-book can give you a practical knowledge of the science.

Contributors must not write any communication whatever, to editor or publisher, on MS. which passes at "Book rates." Any such communication subjects the package to full letter postage, which we do not care to pay.

A MS. so closely folded together that the editor has to cut it open in an unbecomingly unbecomingly simply fold their MSS. to large envelope size. It will then be readily opened, and easily read. A *taunted* MS. an editor does not care to struggle to read.

J. M. F. Has the correct poetic conception, but is, evidently, greatly defective in education. He must become proficient in Grammar, Analysis, Punctuation and Rhetoric ere he can hope for success as a writer.

TEXAN RANGER. All good shots bring their guns up to the mark. Coming down to the mark may hide the object from view. Revolvers cost from \$10 to \$15; shot-guns \$15 to \$40; rifles \$35 to \$50. Cheap weapons are not to be trusted.

Correspondents should always give their State address. How shall we know where they live, otherwise?

BRIDGET. To take grease spots out of a carpet, mix a little soap in a gallon of warm water, and add half an ounce of borax; then wash the spots well with a clean cloth.

SCHOLAR. The English race in the British empire in 1700, including the colonies, numbered 12,000,000 souls; but now, in the year 1872, the number of the New World, who speak the English language, over 60,000,000 human beings, being an increase of nearly 40,000,000 in a little over a hundred years of hours.

READER. It is very impolite to read, talk or laugh aloud in a library or place of amusement, where there are others whom you may disturb by so doing.

MISS PINK. Do not refuse a present from one who feels warranted in giving you a token of friendship, unless you feel that you have good reason for so doing.

INVALID desires to know the proper duration of sleep, and upon this subject we can say that infants and children require most sleep, while aged people require least. For in the former nature is busy developing the frame-work of the future man or woman, while in the latter the development has taken place and the same nourishment from sleep is not needed. As a general rule, the healthy young of grown persons averages from six to eight, and some even require less and some more. Especially necessary is sleep to invalids. To retain good health, you will find that half-past ten or eleven o'clock is the best time for retiring at night, and from half-past six to half-past seven o'clock the best time for arising in the morning. Take no excessive food in the evening before retiring, and endeavor to compose your mind of happy thoughts of perfect quiet and repose from troublesome dreams.

BOHEMIAN. The style, or system, of leading editorial articles in newspapers was first inaugurated by the late John Walter, of the *London Times*. Before he introduced "editorials," the newspapers of the day did not endeavor to lead the public mind, except by "Letters to the Editor." The journals then were simply *news* papers.

HEIR. If you would learn the true value of money, try to borrow some from your friends, and then you will appreciate the necessity of laying it up and not throwing it away in "waste," which may in the end bring "woeful wail."

PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER. The Hebrew language is the oldest, the Latin the most copious, the Greek the most expressive; but the three are now called "Dead languages." The English language contains twenty-six letters; the French twenty-five; the Hebrew twenty-two; the Greek twenty-four; Latin twenty-five; the Spanish twenty-seven; the Italian twenty; the Arabic twenty-eight; the Persian thirty-one; the Turkish thirty-three; the Georgian thirty-six; the Coptic thirty-two; the Muscovite forty-three; the Slavonic forty-four; the Dutch twenty-six; the Ethiopic two hundred and twenty-two; the Tartarian two hundred and twenty-two; the Indian twenty-eight; the Sanscrit twenty-eight. The English language consists of forty thousand words, and its stock is continually increasing; it contains about twenty thousand Saxon words, nine thousand of Latin or Norman origin, and about fifteen hundred of Greek derivation, besides having additional *coined* words from the Hebrew, Welsh, German, French, Spanish, Arabic, etc., etc. The Chinese is the most difficult, the Italian the softest, the Spanish the most pompous, the French the most polite and passionate, and the English the most copious and energetic.

ANXIOUS WIFE. The Freemasons enjoy a misnomer for their sect or society; they are not free (*franc*), for their society rests on secrets, on mysterious initiations, which they can not reveal, or rather must not, under the severest penalties. The Freemasons have, however, done much good, and though there may be some who are in secret societies, in a free country, they may be said to have great redeeming traits that make them desirable to some.

MELBOURNE. For the information you desire regarding the different eras of the world, we refer you to the following: The year 1872 is the 1,872nd year since the birth of Christ, our present era having begun four years after His birth—1872 is the 1,341st year of the Persian era. 1872 is the 1,390th year of the Mahomedan era. The 1,380th of the Ecclesiastical year. The

A MEMORY.

BY ST. ELMO.

The golden moonbeams softly pressed
The snow-white bosom of the earth,
The wind's rude breath in gloe caressed
The icy fragments of its birth;
Though wild the night, though moon and stars
At times were hidden by the clouds,
That skimmed the dim horizon's bars,
A wealth of silver-crested shrouds—
Can I forget that night? ah, no;
The past draws nearer to me now;
I see the ground's shroud of snow,
And feel the fierce wind's angry brow;
And, oh, I would that she were here!
But, wishing thus is all in vain;
The world, though beautiful, is drear
To one whose breast is filled with pain.

The sweet kiss lingers on my lips;
The dear voice with its fond "good-night,"
Why was it that a dark eclipse
Was thus to make my life less bright?
I know not, but that voice I hear
Far back where Mem'ry's tidal wave,
Breaks with a murmur soft and clear,
Beating upon a loveless grave!

The Coral Star.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"How do you like it, Stacy?"
With her short, plump fingers, Eva Van Courtlandt laid the tiny coral star in his hand, and lifted her witching black eyes to his admiring face.

"How do I like it, Eva? I think it is perfection, because it is *your* taste; it matches so well in the 'Maces'."

And handsome Stacy Lorne stooped and snatched a kiss from her ruby-red lips.

"Stacy! how dare you! and without permission, too!"

"But I'm sure you will not refuse permission *now*, will you, little coquette? As if I don't know how dear you are to me, and as if I don't know how invaluable I am to you!"

His merry eyes were smiling down into her blushing, piquant face; a face that any lover would have been proud of, to have lifted to his own as Eva Courtlandt lifted hers, so eloquent with love, confidence and content.

She was a charming girl, and other young gentlemen besides Stacy Lorne were of the same opinion; but, as yet, no one save Stacy had met with favor in her eyes; and he had met with peculiar, extraordinary favor.

Yet they were not formally engaged; Stacy had often talked the subject over with Eva, and, though there was a tacit understanding, they were not bound to each other by ties that could not be broken at the will of either.

Eva was perfectly content with this arrangement, both because she knew, in her own heart, that she never could be untrue to Stacy, and because she lived over in secret confidence that he would never play her false.

She had just purchased the tiny coral star, with its gold pin, for a birthday gift for him; and as she laid it in his open palm, she suddenly looked him full in the face.

"If ever we part, Stacy—if ever we part, I say, I want you to keep this little trinket for friendship's sake. Maybe you might have trouble that I could help; maybe you would want to be friends again; a something might occur; and in any case, Stacy, I would promise to do as you said if you sent me the star as a reminder of my promise."

Then, when her luminous eyes saw the smile gathering on Stacy's lips, she laughed with him at her odd conceit.

"You talk like a romantic, Eva; have you been tasking that brain of yours for a plot for a novel? or what uncanny power has come over you?"

He prisoned her pink cheeks between his palms and looked down into her eyes, where his own image was so faithfully reflected.

"Well, bright-eyes, it shall be for a token between us, that if ever we part, and afterward the star comes to you, you must come to me. Is that it?"

He jauntily fastened it in his black necktie as he spoke.

"That is what I meant," replied Eva, brightly.

Only two years! only twice three hundred and sixty-five sunrises and sunsets! only two droppings of the pink rose-petals under her window; but what volumes of untold misery were crowded into those hours, and days, and weeks, and months, since she had seen Stacy Lorne!

How like some nightmare it looked to her; that sudden going away of his, without word or comment; that sudden fortune that had come to her a month later, when eccentric old aunt Burgoyne had died, leaving a half-million of dollars to Eva Van Courtlandt if she would assume her name; that hurried flitting from the little one-and-a-half-story farm-house, where she had learned to love Stacy Lorne, where she had tried to learn to forget him; tried, but ever so vainly, despite the fact that she had been deserted by him.

And so the dear old quiet life had faded away like a dream, and Eva Van Courtlandt with it. Now there was the splendid city mansion, new faces, new attractions, and Miss Burgoyne to queen it royally. Amid all the gorgeous array how her heart used to ache for the old times; for Stacy, for the blissful peace that was hers always! She often wondered where he could be; what he was doing, and, above all, why he had left her, who trusted him so, who loved him so.

And that little coral star! ah, he wore that when he went away from her; he knew full well the secret meaning they both attached to the little trinket, and Eva Burgoyne's cheeks blushed carmine as she thought how easily he could re-win her; how very easily he had thrown her over.

Such thoughts as these were crowding unpleasantly over that brilliant winter afternoon, as she sat in her parlor, looking out on the avenue at the promenade, and listening, half-vaguely, to the low, melodious prattle of a little three-year-old cousin who had been spending the day at "cousin Eva's."

Then—it seemed as if her heart bounded to her throat in one suffocating leap—she heard an exclamation of delight from little Lillie, as she came running across the floor.

"Tousin Eva! see what me foun! tan me keep it?"

And the chubby little hands held up for inspection—the coral star!

Eva snatched it from Lillie's hand, not noting the surprised, half-frightened look in the pretty little face. Yes—the coral star,

beyond the shadow of a possible doubt; for there, on the under side, was the monogram she had had engraved on it: "S." for Stacy, and "E." for Eva!

How came it there? How long had it been there? And her face grew pale with the excitement, as she hurried across the floor to the pile of playthings she had given Lillie to play with.

There were bonbon-boxes, and bright-colored papers; a miniature toy village, and tiny piano, that little Miss Lillie's fingers had wrought sad havoc with, the keys being wrenched from their places, displaying the cavity underneath.

And in "that bid hole," little princess declared, she "dot that pretty thing."

Eva sat down again, and tried to think; her head was all a-whirl, but she sensibly decided to go to the store where she purchased the toy piano; and perhaps—perhaps, who knew but that Stacy—She couldn't exactly define her own thoughts, but she called her carriage at once, with feverish impatience, and drove to Daillain's.

"A lady? to see me, Martha?"

Stacy Lorne's pale cheeks flushed as the maid looked in at the door of his cherry room, where the invalid sat in his cushioned chair, surrounded by tiny tools, wires, and bits of ivory.

"A lady, shure, sir. And it's her kaird she sint up, shure."

"Miss Burgoyne."

He did not recognize it, and with a half-weary sigh, let it fall.

"All right, Martha. Show her in," and then, in an undertone, added, "another order, I suppose."

He was so like, yet so unlike, his former self. This Stacy was pallid, and thin, and bore the traces of illness as plainly as the marks of ill-fortune.

And he had been unfortunate; a sudden telegraphic summons, on the night he saw Eva Van Courtlandt last, to the bedside of his dying father, had been followed by a severe fall, that had laid him up with a delirious fever, that only permitted him to write to Eva, after Eva had left the farm-house. There came no answer to his letters; no one knew where she had gone that he asked, and at length, six months after, when he heard, casually, of the marriage of a Miss Van Courtlandt, he believed it was his Eva.

Then his health grew worse, and he was obliged to give up his office-work; he took it home at first, but he was too weakened to attend to it; and so he had come to making exquisite little pianos for a toy dealer.

To-day he was unusually dispirited, and it was with an effort he bade the lady enter who tapped so gently at his door.

And then, like a beautiful vision, she appeared to him, radiant and inspiring.

"Stacy! Stacy! I may come in?"

And she waited in breathless anxiety for his answer.

He looked so bewildered, so overwhelmed with the sudden, sweet surprise; then a most glorious light irradiated his pale features.

"Can it be possible? Eva! my Eva still? I little thought, when I lost my coral star, I ever should see you again."

And then Eva, on her knees beside him, told him where she found the star, and together they marveled at the strangeness of the fate that had linked their destinies again, forever.

Tracked to Death:
OR,
THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.
AUTHOR OF "HILLESIDE HAND," "LOVE, RANCOR,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
A CHEERLESS SETTLEMENT.

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed since the killing of Charles Clancy, and the escape of the man suspected of it from the jail in which he had been incarcerated.

Although the excitement had to some extent subsided, the people of the neighborhood, in which these events had occurred, still continued to talk of them. Not that the crime, and the flight of the accused criminal, were any longer regarded as mysterious. About the death itself there could be no uncertainty; the traces found left no doubt of Clancy being dead. Almost equally certain was it that he had been killed—murdered; the same traces pointing to his murderer. The circumstantial evidence of bullets, bullet-holes, and boot-tracks, coupled with the strange behavior of Clancy's dog, had been greatly strengthened—in fact, confirmed—by the letter of Helen Armstrong, with its inclosure, which Darke had dropped while retreating from the scene of his crime. He must have taken it from the body of the murdered man, or previously intercepted it. In either case, his deed was a clear, unmistakable light on its motive—making this comprehensible to every one.

Not all these circumstances were known throughout the neighborhood. Some of them were still the secrets of Simeon Woodley, and a few others to whom he had entrusted them. The hunter had his reasons for keeping them back—among others, his promise given to the brave coon-hunter, who had risked almost life itself for the sake of right and justice.

Woodley had loyally kept his promise; and, as Blue Bill's generous behavior, in volunteering his testimony, never reached the ears of Ephraim Darke, the slave was not compromised with his cruel master, and received no more than the usual number of lashes. Now, indeed, less. The disgraced father, stricken with sorrow as with shame—it is to be hoped also with repentance—while concealing his face, raised his head less proudly among his sable-skinned helots; for a time, at least, treating them with humanity. When the forest is on fire or under flood, the timid deer is safe beside the ravenous wolf that has fled to the same place of refuge.

Woodley had less difficulty in screening the coon-hunter from the turn events had taken. As no dead body had been found, there could be no inquest of coroner—no formal investigation as to whether a man had been murdered. And, as the suspected doer of a deed, only presumed to have been done, was no longer within reach of examination, no trial could take place; as none did.

There had been no mystery about Darke's escape from the prison; not even about the mode of his making it. A few hours after his being lodged in the jail, his father had been permitted to see him in his cell. To a

planter of such standing—an afflicted parent as well—this privilege could not well be refused.

But Ephraim Darke was also a man of wealth; and gold, at all times, and in all countries, has been known to create mysteries, or circumstances resembling them.

In this case there was not even the resemblance. When the jury of Judge Lynch entered the cell and found it empty, all was explained. It had been already suspected when they found no jailer at the door. Most of them knew this official to be a fellow of but indifferent repute; his character of late becoming so suspected that there had been talk of discharging him. Luckily for Ephraim Darke, as for his son, this had not been done.

The doubted officer dwelt in a cabin close to the jail. Not finding him on his post of duty, his domicile was visited by the crowd, calling for vengeance. It, too, was found without a tenant! The baffled avengers at once perceived how things stood. They scarce needed to be told that, during the day Ephraim Darke had obtained permission to enter the prison. At once came the conviction to all, that golden key had laid open its lock, and that keeper and prisoner had gone off together.

This proved to be the fact. Harkness—Joe Harkness, as the recent jailer was called—had not only decamped from his solitary cabin, but was never more seen in the settlement.

So far there was nothing mysterious; any more than about the most ordinary of murders, and the simplest of jail-breakings.

The first could only be regarded as a little romantic, on account of the motive made manifest by Helen Armstrong's love-letter and her likeness. But even this curious interest would have ceased to be felt in a settlement and among a people accustomed, as Mississippians are, to startling occurrences.

In a short time the murder would have been forgotten, or only slightly remembered, but for one circumstance connected with it, which still remained a mystery. This was the non-discovery of the corpse.

No one had the slightest doubt about Clancy being dead. What had become of his body?

He had been spent in searching for it. The forest had been searched—very thickly and herkeness—minutely searched. The waters, both running and stagnant, had been dragged and sounded all along the place where the death-traces were found; but without finding the dead!

It was this circumstance, so inexplicable, that kept curiosity alive, and prevented the tragedy from being forgotten. After weeks had gone by, it was still a theme of interest throughout the settlement—intense and fresh as ever—a topic of daily converse and conjecture.

Some were fain to believe that Charles Clancy might still be alive. Many would have gladly adopted this theory, but that the weight of evidence was against it.

For if still living he would have returned to his home—even though wounded, badly injured. The same strength that could have taken him from the spot where he had fallen, would have brought him to the side of his sorrowing mother. And there was no reason why he should not return to her. On the contrary, all said that this would have been his first thought. They knew him to be an affectionate son—dutiful to his mother.

It needed not for his neighbors to reflect that a living man would not be likely to leave hat and gun behind him. This was a trivial circumstance compared with his well-known filial affection, certain to have carried him home, if able to crawl thither.

No; he could not be alive. Friends might wish it; some still having a faint hope, but no one a firm faith that it was so.

While speculations about the romantic murder were still rife in the settlement, other incidents occurred claiming a share of attention. A new owner had purchased, and entered into possession of, the plantation lately belonging to Archibald Armstrong—the mortgagee, Ephraim Darke, having so disposed of it; while the humble estate of the Clancys had also passed into other hands.

It, too, had been held under a lien that covered land, house—even the chattels; and after the widow's death, and the disappearance of her son, the bill-of-sale man stepped in to make opposition—and took possession of everything. The thinned stock and few farm utensils, as also the furniture, were disposed of by public auction. The penates of the decayed Irish gentleman were knocked down to the highest bidder, and scattered throughout the neighborhood. Rare books, pictures, and other articles that bespoke refined culture, with some few remnants of *bijouterie* and *virtu* became distributed into log-cabins, where they were only appreciated according to the price paid for them.

In time, the little frame cottage was cleared of its plenishing; and for the time left empty, as tenanted by the dog, that had done such service in disclosing the identity of him who had contributed to this ruin, was removed from the ruined home—Simeon Woodley having adopted and taken the animal to his own house.

So stood things in the neighborhood where Colonel Archibald Armstrong had once been chief planter; his daughters cheering it with their presence, and giving it grace by their beauty.

All was changed now. The settlement seemed like some ruined temple from which the supporting columns had been removed—"Elginized," if I may allow Byron's sarcastic expression—wrapped in a mantle of sadness, soon to fall into decay.

The neighbors were impressed with a thought of this kind, when Colonel Armstrong first spoke of leaving them; still more when he had left, and the fair faces of his daughters were seen no more at their doors.

The gloom became complete, when they reflected that they would never more see the handsome countenance of Charles Clancy; never more listen to his frank, cheerful speech.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A STARTLED CANOE-MAN.

"WHAT has become of Clancy's body?" This was the question asked every day by his former friends and acquaintances for weeks after he was missing.

It is now asked by the reader, who no doubt expects an answer.

It shall be given.

To one man there was nothing mysterious about the disappearance of the body—and

only one. This was not Richard Darke, but one who had as much reason to dislike the latter—and even fear him—as Charles Clancy himself.

The best way to make the matter intelligible will be to describe an incident that occurred soon after Clancy was shot down, in which this personage, to the reader not altogether unknown, took a conspicuous part.

The *mise-en-scene* need not be painted, as this has been done already, and only needs recalling. It was the same place under the cypress, where Darke delivered what he supposed to be, and triumphantly pronounced, the death-shot of his hated rival.

After his hurried retreat from the spot, all was as silent there as if he had succeeded in his murderous design.

The forest for some distance around was even stiller than before; the repeated cracking of the guns, and the noise of the scuffle having awed its ordinary denizens—bird, insect, reptile, and quadruped—and caused them to make pause in their nocturnal concert, just commencing with its vespers.

The period of tranquillity was extended, on their again hearing a sound they had already listened to, and which they knew did not naturally belong to their wild-wood orchestra. On the contrary, to most of them it proclaimed a hostile note. This was the barking of a dog, or rather the baying of a hound. They had heard the same but a short while before, suspended between the shots; after the last, for some minutes again silent. Now had it recommenced, and was continued in a prolonged note, with tones more lugubrious than ever.

Scarce necessary to say, it was Charles Clancy's deer-hound that was making this renewed fracas in the forest.

The dog, after being shot at by Darke, and his, had not gone home. For him there was no home without a master; and he knew his master was not there. In the breast of the dumb brute affection had again got the better of his fears; and, once more turning, he trotted back to the spot where the last scene of the tragedy had been enacted.

This time he was not hindered from approaching the place. The assassin, having wound up his cruel work, had made off; and was still continuing his hurried retreat.

The dog came on, at first cautiously and with crawling gait; then, more confidently, when he saw the place was clear.

On getting up to the tree where the deadly encounter had terminated, he raised his head and looked around, evidently astonished. He expected to find his master where he had last seen him lying. There was no master there; only a pile of moss strewn over the ground, thickly piled on a particular spot.

Giving a yelp, and lowering his nose, he trotted around the tree; entering and exploring different angles between the buttresses. This brought him back to the place of beginning; where he stopped, sniffed the air, and caught the scent of fresh blood steaming up from out the moss-heap. With a bound he threw himself into its midst, and commenced scattering it aside. Tossing off the sticks with his snout, and scratching aside the loose parasite with his paws, he soon laid bare a portion of the body—the upper part, breast, arms and shoulders, as also the head. Then, cowering down beside it, and giving utterance to a low whimper, he commenced licking the face, still warm. After a time he desisted from this, his low whine changing to a loud, plaintive howling, that might have been heard for a mile off through the forest.

It was heard by Richard Darke, as he retreated; causing him to further hasten his footsteps. It was heard, too, by the coon-hunter, seated in the tree-fork; making him cling more tenaciously to his perch. And it was heard by a third individual; who, if not as much as the first, had more reason than the second to feel frightened at the sound.

This was a man paddling a canoe along the adjacent creek; which, passing at some two hundred yards distance, delivered its slow-flowing current into the more stagnant waters of the swamp.

Coming from the latter, the canoe-man had just entered the channel of the stream, when his ear caught the sounds, still distant, carried in tempered reverberation through the thick-standing tree-trunks.

On hearing them he suspended the stroke of his paddle, with a suddenness that told of his being startled and evidently alarmed. He was not himself making any noise, by plunge of paddle or otherwise, that could hinder him from catching the most indistinct whisper of the woods. He had been cleaving his way through the water at a slow pace, and silently, as if his voyage was one of stealth and requiring the most cautious movement.

The craft he thus navigated was of the rudest possible construction—in short, what is known in the Mississippi valley as a "dog-out." The face and figure of its occupant merit a different description. Though the double shadow of the foliage and twilight scarce permitted either to be seen, still was there light enough to trace in his figure the outlines of a Hercules; while the face, perfectly beardless, showed features of bold and not ill-favored expression. The color of his skin, closely approximating to that of newly-tanned leather, told him to be a mulatto.

A coarse cotton shirt of "copperas stripe," and loose drawers of like material, belted above the hips, were all of body wear he appeared to have; while a battered wool hat of Penitentiary fabric was the sole furnishing of his head. This last did not proclaim him a fugitive from justice; since the same is worn by almost every inmate of color in Mississippi. The cautious stroke of his paddle, and the rapidity with which he had suspended it on hearing the sound, was better proof of his being a fugitive from something—perhaps *injustice*. One well acquainted with the country and its customs, with the topography of the place; taking into account its remoteness from any habitation; its inaccessibility, silence and solitude; connecting these with the cautious movements of the canoe-man, would at once have pronounced him a runaway slave.

And this in reality he was.

No wonder he had plucked his paddle from the water, on hearing the bay of a hound. To him there could have been no sound more significant, more awe-inspiring, than that.

With the blade held aloft, he placed himself in an attitude to listen, allowing the dog-out to drift. There was not much current, for the creek was a kind of "bayou," or branch of a lagoon. Besides, going downward would be carrying him away from the suspected peril. The plantation settlements lay above; and from this direc-

tion came the sounds that had stayed him in his course.

He was on the way from his covert in the cypress swamp to a trying place on its edge; where he might expect to find a confederate from one of the plantations; or, if not that, a supply of secreted provisions.

In the sounds heard he recognized a signal of danger—the danger of losing his liberty. More; he might cause him to have his back scored with the cowhide, and undergo still other and greater tortures. There was also a lesser one to think of—that of having to go to sleep without supper.

Tilting the "Penitentiary" to one side, and bending his ear low down, he continued to listen. Had there been light to show his countenance, there would have been seen in it no sign either of cowardice or stupidity—notwithstanding its tawny hue. It is not the timid or stolid who take that way to escape from the chain of slavery; but the bold, intelligent and cunning.

The canoe-man was of this stamp; and, after listening for a short while to the sounds that had startled him, he once more dipped the paddle, and impelled his craft onward up the creek.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IS IT A CORPSE?

THE runaway, now on the alert, continued his excursion with increased caution, and, if possible, more noiselessly than ever. So light was the dip of his short, broad-bladed oar, that it did not hinder him from hearing every sound—even the slightest that stirred among the cypresses.

Above all, his ear was bent to catch the cries of the hound, still kept up in plaintive tone. And, as his strokes were slow-measured, he had time to reflect upon and endeavor to make out why the dog was so lugubriously discouraging.

"There is no danger in the growl of that animal," he said, to himself. "I know it almost as well as my own voice. It's the hound belongin' to young Clancy. He ain't no slave-catcher."

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, again suspending his stroke, and bending his ear to the canoe's edge. "What can be the matter with the brute? That's somethin' amiss when Clancy's dog goes on that way. Hopes 'tain't no mischance happened to his young master. Come what will, I'll steal nigher the place an' see."

Propelling the dog-out to increased speed, he was soon opposite the spot, where the animal was still giving tongue.

Shooting the canoe in shore, he leaped lightly to the bank; and then moored the craft by tying it to the exposed root of a tree.

Cautiously striking off among the cypresses, guided by the voice of the dog, he came within sight of the spot where the murder had been committed.

He approached it with extreme caution, crouching among the cypress "knees," and a flitting like a shadow from trunk to trunk.

On getting near, and seeing no sign of human being—only the hound standing half-hidden among the moss—he became more confident, and walked forward in an upright attitude.

The dog knew, and trotted out to meet him; for a while suspending his pitiful note. Then, with a low whimper, the creature ran back and crouched down beside the half-concealed body.

The canoe-man saw it now; saw a corpse; and at once recognized the features of Charles Clancy.

Was it a corpse? To all appearance it was.

To make sure, the mulatto knelt down beside it, having first cleared away the loose coverlet that partially shrouded it.

He saw the blood, and the wound from which it was yet welling. He laid his hand over the heart, to ascertain whether it might not still be beating.

Surely it was; or was he mistaken? The pulse might be a better test; and he proceeded to feel it, taking the smooth, white wrist between his rough, brown, skinned fingers.

"It beats! I do think it beats!" was the exclamation that escaped him. "It's the pulse of the wrist. To make more sure, he tried the artery at different points, with a touch as tender as if he was holding in his hands the life of an infant.

He became almost certain that the pulse still beat; that there was yet breath in the body.

What next? What was he to do?

Hasten to the settlement and summon a doctor?

He dared not do this, nor bring assistance of any kind. He did not think of such a thing. If not his life, his liberty was at stake. To show himself to a white man would be to go back into hated bondage—to the slavery from which he had, with the utmost difficulty, escaped. It would be an act of grand generosity—a self-sacrifice—more than man, more than human, was capable of. Could a poor, runaway slave be expected to make it?

Some sacrifice he intended making, as might be gathered from his muttered words.

"Breath in his body or no breath, it won't do to leave it lyin' here. Poor young gen'lman! What would Miss Helen say if she see'd him now? What will she say when she hears of it? I wonder who's done it. No, I don't wonder—not a bit. There's only one man likely to 'a' made such ugly work. From what Jule's told me I s'pected it must come to this some day. Wish I could 'a' been about to warn him. Well, it's too late now. The devil has got the upper hand, as seems always the way. A mighty! what'll become of Miss Helen now? She loved him sure as I love Jule, or Jule love me. All goin' away; all goin' to Texas. Gor A'mighty! what come of myself if I don't find some way to follow them? I do that, or die tryin'."

For some moments the mulatto—who was no other than Darke's fugitive slave, Jupiter—stood over the prostrate form of Charles Clancy, giving way to the despondent thoughts expressed in these disjointed speeches.

Then, once more looking down upon the body, seeing the blood still oozing from the wound, and remembering that the man might not yet be dead, his resolve to do something—came back to him; and he only remained inactive from not knowing what was best for him to do.

"Poor young gen'lman!" he again said, in a compassionate tone; "dead or alive, it wouldn't be right to leave him lyin' there. The wolves, and carrion crows to help 'em—they'd soon make bare bones of his body, so nicely shaped—ah! spoil his handsome face, too. They musn't. He's done me a kindness more'n once. It's my turn now; an'

slave, mulatto, colored man, as they call me, I'll show them that under a yellow skin there can be gratitude, same as under a white one—maybe more. Show them! Who? Ha! ha! ha! That's good. Lucky for me there's nobody to see or know of it. If there was— Well, no matter. What am I to do about this?

For a while the runaway stood considering. Then, seemingly having resolved upon a course of action, he opened his arms and stooped down—as if he intended to take the body up and carry it away from the spot.

This was what he intended. But just at that moment the hound—hitherto pacified by his presence, and for a time kept silent—again gave out its mournful monotone, continuing the dirge over its dead master.

"Gor a mighty!" exclaimed the fugitive, feeling fresh alarm as he listened. "What's to be done with the dog? If I take him along he'll be sure, some time or other, to make noise, and guide the nigger-catchers to my hide-out. Sure to do it. If I leave him here it'll be worse still. He can't follow me all the way through the water; but he'd show them where the dug-out lay; and then they'd know enough to—I have it!"

The last speech bespoke some plan. It was followed by a series of address to the dog, and couched in coaxing tones. "Heed! come up, ole fella! Don't be feerd! It's Jupe, your master's friend. You know Jupe? Ah! that's a good dog; I thought you wouldn't be 'fraid of me. Now, stand still; let me slip this round your neck. I'm not goin' to hang you—only to keep you quiet a bit. Steady!"

While talking in this strain he had pulled a piece of cord out of his pocket, and, soon after saying "steady," had it knotted around the neck of the hound. To this the dog made no resistance, yielding to the manipulation as if he knew it was done by a friendly hand, and for his good.

Close by was a thicket of palmettes, these forming the only underwood of the cypress forest. Their broad, fan-shaped leaves, growing with short stalks directly out of the ground, and rising to some three feet in height, covered the surface with a mantle of Lincoln green.

Amidst them the mulatto led the dog, the animal following freely, without making stop or show of resistance. When well in among the palmettes, he stooped down, tied the loose end of the cord to one of their shanks, securing it with a safe knot.

He remained not a moment after, not even to say a parting word to the betrayed quadruped, nor take note of the convulsive struggles it was making to set itself free. He did not so much as hearken to the yelps that accompanied them as a protest against the unexpected and treacherous captivity.

The mulatto had other things to do—other thoughts to occupy him. Fears were in his mind, dangers before him, alongside which the act of leaving a dog tied to a palmetto stalk, perhaps to perish, was not worth a moment's consideration.

Nor did he stay a moment to consider it. As soon as he had secured the hound—thus completing his precautions against the animal's following him—he returned hastily toward the tree under which the body lay.

Once more bending down beside it, taking hold of the pulse, at the same time placing his ear over the heart, he fancied that both still beat. He was not sure.

For all that, he extended his arms around the body, lifted it up from the ground—raising it to the height of his breast. His Herculean strength enabled him to do this as easily as if the corpse of Charles Clancy had been that of a new-born babe.

Having brought his burden to a balance, he carried it toward the creek, and laid it gently down along the bottom of his canoe. Then, entering after, he undid the slip-knot that had kept the dug-out from drifting, pushed the craft clear of its moorings, and propelled it back down the stream as silently as he had ascended it.

He had taken care to leave no trace behind him, no footprint or mark of any kind—not a scratch. The dug-out had been brought to among the straggling roots of a sycamore that projected well out into the water. Upon these, serving as a wharf, he had embarked, and from them made embarkation, bearing his burden lightly over them. And between the place of anchorage and the blood-stained spot, the ground, thickly bedded with the fallen foliage of the cypresses, would scarce have disclosed the tracks of a rhinoceros to the eyes of the most skillful tracker.

The runaway slave felt sure it would show no sign to any one coming after him. And he was right; for it did not.

CHAPTER XXXVI

IS IT A GHOST GOING ITS ROUNDS?

LESS than a month after, the hour midnight—still and voiceless in northern climes, but not so in the lower region of the Mississippi Valley. There a semi-tropical heat keeps Nature alive, even in the days of December. It is no more December, but a close bearing on spring. February is

then upon the heading of letters, and this is a spring month both in Mississippi and Louisiana. The buds have already burst, and leaves are expanding upon the trees; some of the earlier ones flinging out fragrant blossoms. Birds, too, awaking from a short winter's sleep, pour forth their amorous songs, making glads and glad melodious. This does not end with the day. The night thrush—the grand phoebe of the feathered community—carries the strain on through the hours of night; so well counterfeiting the notes of his fellow-singers asleep, that you might fancy them still awake, still singing.

The nocturnal sounds of the southern forest are not all of this delightful kind. Mingling with them are notes neither sweet nor harmonious. The "gluck" of the great swamp frog, the "skirr" of tree-crickets, the screeching of owls, the lugubrious cry of the quail, and, at intervals, the hoarse bellowing of an alligator, are none of them very agreeable. Still, the ear accustomed does not feel jarred by them. They are but the base notes, like those of the violinello and trombone, needed to make complete the symphony of Nature's concert.

In the midst of this musical melange—midnight, as we have said, the hour, the place on the Lower Mississippi, and the particular locality the settlement referred to in this tale—a man, or a figure bearing the semblance of one, might have been seen gliding along the edge of the cypress swamp, that has been made mention of.

A fur skirting the mid-flat for a time, the figure—phantom or human, whichever it was—turned face toward the tract of lighter woodland, that extended between the dark

cypress forest and the cleared ground of the plantations.

Crossing this, the nocturnal wayfarer soon came within sight of the deserted cottage, lately occupied by the Clancys.

The moonlight falling upon his face, showed that it was white. Also, that it was pulled, with hollow eyes, and cheeks sunken, as from sickness; some malady long endured, and not yet cured. As he strode across fallen logs, or climbed fences, occasionally coming in the way, his tottering step told of a frame very much enfeebled.

When at length clear of the woods, and within sight of the unoccupied dwelling, he stopped and remained contemplating it. That he knew of its being untenanted was evident, from the look with which he stood, regarding it. His familiarity with the place was equally evident. On entering the grounds, through thick shrubbery, at the back, he took the path leading up to the house, without appearing to have any doubt about its being the right one.

For all this he made approach with caution; looking suspiciously around, either actually afraid, or not exactly desiring to be observed.

There was not much likelihood of his being so. It was midnight. At that hour all in the settlement would, or should, be asleep. The house stood remote from its nearest neighbor, more than a mile. It was empty; had been stripped of its furniture, of everything. What could any one be doing in it or near it?

What was he doing near it? This question would have suggested itself to any one who had seen him; the more so after making note of his movements.

There was no one to do this; and he continued on to the house, to carry out what ever object had attracted him thither.

He entered by the back door, where there was a little porch, as also a covered way, leading to a log cabin at the back—the kitchen.

Once within the porch, he tried the handle of the house door, which at touch went open. There was no lock, or if there was, it had not been thought worth while to turn the key in it. There are no burglars in the backwoods. If there were, nothing in that house would have tempted them. It had been so cleared out at the auction sale, that rag, bone, or bottle merchant would have afterward found no effects.

The nocturnal visitor entered the empty house. The ring of his footsteps, though he still trod cautiously, gave out a sad, solemn sound. It was in unison with the sighs that came deep-drawn from his breast; at times so loud and full as to seem choking him.

He went from room to room. There was not many—only three of them. In each he stood a minute or two, gazing woefully round. But in one—that which had been the widow's sleeping-chamber—he remained a little longer; regarding a particular spot, the place formerly occupied by her bed. Then came a sigh, louder than any preceding it, as if from the bottom of his breast, and with it the words, low muttered:

"There she must have breathed her last!"

After this speech, more sighing, accompanied by the sorer signs of sorrow—sobbing and weeping. As the moonbeams, pouring in through the open window, fell upon his face, their pale, silvery light sparkled upon tears, starting, thick and fast, from his hollow eyes, and coursed down his emaciated cheeks.

After surrendering himself some minutes to what appeared a very agony of grief, he turned out of the sleeping-chamber; passed through the narrow hallway, and on out into the porch. Not now the back one, but that facing to the front—to the highway. On the other side of the road was an open tract of ground, half cleared, half woodland; the former sterile, the latter scraggy. It seemed to belong to no one, as if not worth claiming or cultivating. It had been, in fact, an appanage of Colonel Armstrong's estate, who had granted it to the public as the site for a school-house and a common burying-ground, free to all the settlement. The school-house had disappeared, but the cemetery was still there—only distinguishable from the surrounding surface by some oblong elevations having the well-known configuration of graves. There were in all about a score of them, some few having a plain headboard—a piece of painted plank, with lettering rudely limned, recording the names and ages of the interred.

Time and the weather had turned most of them grayish, the dates decayed, and the names scarcely legible. But there was one upon which the painting showed fresh and white, in the clear moonlight gleaming like a meteor.

He who had explored the deserted dwelling stood for a moment with his eyes directed on this more recently erected memorial; then, stepping down from the porch, he passed through the wicket-gate, crossed the road and went straight toward it, as though a hand had beckoned him thither.

When close up he saw that it was over a grave upon which the grass had not yet grown.

The night was a cold one—chill for that southern clime. The dew upon the withered grass of the grave turf seemed almost congealed into frost, adding to the gloomy impression.

The lettering upon the head-board was in shadow, the moon shining from the opposite side. Stooping forward, so as to bring his eyes close to the slab, he was enabled to decipher the inscription. It was the simplest form of memento—only a name, with a date painted underneath. The name was

"CAROLINE CLANCY."

After reading it, a fresh sob burst from his bosom, new tears started from his eyes, and he flung himself prostrate upon the grave. Disregarding the dew, thinking naught of the night's chillness, he threw his arms over the cold slab, embracing it, as though it were the warm body of one dearly beloved!

For several minutes he remained thus. Then, suddenly rising erect, as if impelled by some strong purpose, there came from his lips, poured forth in wild, passionate accent, the words:

"Mother! Mother! I am still living! I am here! And you, oh, God, dead! You can no more know—no more hear me!"

They were the words of one frantic with grief, scarce knowing what he said.

Then sober reason seemed to assert itself over the person thus overpowered, and he spoke again; but with voice, expression of features, attitude, every thing so changed,

that no one, seeing him the moment before, would have believed it the same man.

Upon his countenance sternness had replaced sorrow; the soft lines had become rigid; the sad melancholy lately seen in his eye had faded, and now burnt in a steady flame. It was a glance that told of determination; a determination to take revenge for some wrong deeply felt—a vengeance already resolved upon.

Once more he looked down upon the grave; then up to the sky, till the moon, coursing across high heaven, fell full upon his face. With his body slightly leaning backward, the arms down by his sides, stiffly extended, the hands closed in convulsive clutch, he said:

"By the heavens above—by the shade of my murdered mother, whose body lies beneath—I swear not to know rest, never more seek contentment, till I have found her murderer! Night and day, through summer and winter, shall I search for him; yes, search till I've found and punished this man, who has brought blight upon me, death to my mother, and desolation to our house! Scoundrel, think not you can escape me! Texas, whither I know you have gone, will not be large enough to hold—its wilderness not wide enough to screen you from my vengeance. If not found there, I shall follow you to the ends of the earth—ay, Richard Darke, I'll track you to death!"

He turned as if shot in the side. The voice came from a man, who was standing within six feet of him!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

Madeleine's Marriage:

THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

CHAPTER VII.

DISCOVERY AND VINDICATION.

MADELEINE did not resist the entreaties of young Dorant that the marriage might take place before his departure for the continent, where he hoped to make arrangements to bring her and his father to live.

The pastor's wife did not fail to inform her niece, Mrs. Byrne, of the approaching marriage of her fair young friend; and she wrote so urgently to entreat a visit at her own home, that it was decided the bride should spend two weeks there while it was necessary for Lewis to be on the continent. He took her to Mrs. Byrne's house a fortnight after the wedding. The elder Dorant chose to remain at home, with the charwoman to care for his housekeeping. He was attached to the place, wild and bleak as it was, and thought with great reluctance of leaving it.

The home of the sprightly young matron—now lonely enough, as her husband was on one of his voyages—was a small, irregular mansion of stone—an old manor-house near Petworth—over one end of which ivy crept luxuriantly, giving it a venerable appearance. The grounds were not extensive, but were kept in excellent order. There was a paddock, and a wood traversed by winding paths, full of evergreens, laurels and rhododendrons; a thrifty kitchen-garden; a flower-garden in front, bordered with box-hedge, over which the playful hares scampered, approaching close to the drawing-room windows. A few lofty trees sheltered the premises from the road. In the interior a flagged hall led by the drawing and dining-rooms into a back court where a pretty fountain played, its basin filled with aquatic plants that crept over the edge and trailed on the floor. This was the especial care of Mrs. Byrne, who delighted in such products of nature, and fed the fish every day with her own hands.

Madeleine was surprised at the change wrought in her own spirit, when she took possession of her pretty room on the first floor, with neat, new furniture, its delicate paper-hangings and draperies of snowy lace, its harpsichord and guitar, tempting her to the music she had neglected for so many months; its toilet half-smothered in pink muslin, with easy-chair where she could sit to have her hair brushed by the maid; its tables covered with dainty articles of taste, handsomely-bound books and the latest periodicals. She had never before had a taste of this beguiling kind of literature. Mr. Morell's library was well stocked with books of solid merit, tomes of learning, and histories with which the student ought to be familiar; but little of light reading was there; while here the taste was pampered with the fascinating and sensational. It matched with the sensuous brightness of every thing in and about the house, including its gay mistress.

Dorant was pleased to see his young wife happy; to see her smile and laugh return; to hear her blithe voice as she played and sung; but there was something very sad to him in her wish to bring her father home.

"The time will pass quickly here while you are gone, Lewis," Madeleine said, the evening before he was to leave her for Antwerp. "I am so happy in this place."

"I have never seen you so happy before," Dorant replied, musingly.

"Oh, Lewis, if we were only rich!"

"Dearest Madeleine, for your sake only I wish it."

"Our feelings are really influenced by the things around us. It was so dreary in that lonely place by the sea?"

"I was born there, and it does not seem so to me," answered the young man, with his color rose.

"I should have dared there, but for you, Lewis! It is so barren and bleak, and melancholy. I could live in a place like this!"

"Madeleine, do you think it right to murmur at our lot?"

"I am not murmuring, but I do so love beautiful things; exotic flowers and ornamental grounds, and pretty furniture; soft carpets and rich curtains, and music and books! Shall we not have them one of these days?"

"Madeleine, you should not have married me!" said the young man, gloomily.

His wife rose, came up behind him, clasped her arms round his neck, and lightly kissed his forehead.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I can not be sure of ever being able to gratify your tastes. I did not think you cared so much for luxuries."

"Nonsense, Lewis! If I can not have them, I shall be contented."

"I am afraid you will not."

"Not with you? It is cruel of you to cherish such a thought."

She let her head droop till her blooming cheek touched his, and tightened her clasp about his neck.

Who could resist such tokens of love? He drew her close to his heart, and pressed a kiss upon her lips.

He left her the next day, and for once poor Madeleine found no pleasure in the picturesque views, her painting, or the music wooing her attention.

Ada strove to cheer her by lively conversation, and partially succeeded. "To-morrow," she said, "I shall take you to see some beautiful views nearly a dozen miles off. I want you to sketch them. And if no one is at home but the housekeeper, another day I shall show you the library and pictures at Broadhurst."

The next day was bright and warm enough for the enjoyment of a drive. A basket filled with sandwiches, cakes, and a bottle of wine, was put into the carriage, and the two ladies were driven first to the ruins of an abbey nearly ten miles distant. These were very picturesque, and Madeleine was so delighted with the views, and took up so much time in making the dainty sketches from which she could elaborate her paintings, that it was late when they started homeward.

They drove through an ancient stag-park, and had a view of the steep crests of Farinhurst and Heyshott. On one hand were the Downs, stretching southward; on the other a belt of woodland, wide and shadowy; the heart of the Weald.

A sunny day was taken for their visit to Broadhurst.

Madeleine had never seen so grandly venerable a pile of stone buildings. It seemed to her a palace worthy of an emperor's abode. The magnificent park, stocked with bounding deer, and numerous cattle, the lake shaded by clumps of beeches; the superb groves of ancestral oaks; the flashing stream sheltered by bushes and roving through enchanting woods; the extensive fruit and flower gardens; the stately dimensions of the house, with its irregular architecture and ivy-mantled sides; the numerous small buildings, denoting an extensive domestic establishment; all impressed her with ideas of wealth and splendor beyond her previous conceptions. She had read of such places, and fancied the ancient monarchs of England might have inhabited them.

Mrs. Byrne laughed at her admiration, and told her the residents of that grand old mansion could boast no great good fortune, while no one could imagine who was to inherit the estates when their present owner should leave them.

"He is the young man I told you about," she concluded, "who was so delicate in health. He grew better, and they took him to the north somewhere. I have not heard of him since his return, if he is at home."

The lodge-keeper had informed her that the gentleman—Mr. Marlitt—was absent; and that no doubt the housekeeper would be happy to show the gallery of paintings.

They found no difficulty in obtaining admission. The housekeeper remembered Mrs. Byrne, though a long time had elapsed since she had been there. It was not the day fixed for visitors to see the paintings; but that did not matter, as the gentleman was not at home. They would find the pictures well worth a visit; it was one of the finest private collections in England.

The paintings were hung principally in the large and lofty rooms of the east wing. The wide staircase was painted by Ta. Guerre. There was a "dainty room," appropriated to the portraits of women, one of which was a copy of "the best Vandyke in the world"—the portrait of the Duchess of Bedford. There were also many paintings said to be originals by old Italian masters. One room was completely lined with exquisite carvings in oak wood, standing out in relief from the panels.

The chapel, to which they were shown, was in decay, having not been used for a long time, and the dust lay thick upon its quaintly-carved cornices and marble riches.

The statuary was of fine workmanship, and many of the groups of admirable sculpture. The light was artistically disposed. From the windows different parts of the park might be seen—now through the branches of a weeping ash; now showing clusters of oaks, beeches, or Spanish chestnuts.

One of the rooms shown was a boudoir long closed; for it had not been used since the death of Mrs. Clermont. The draperies were light-blue damask; the furniture was shrouded in white covers.

Ada did not linger there, for there was a chill atmosphere in the room; but Madeleine's attention was suddenly caught by a painting that hung over the sofa. It was that of a young lady, simply dressed, but possessing an indefinable attraction in the features. She was quite absorbed in looking at it. When her friend touched her arm in token that she was waiting for her, Madeleine asked the housekeeper whose picture it was.

Mrs. Hanigan could not tell; it was not that of her deceased mistress. Probably some one of the family.

The face was strangely familiar; but memory could not reproduce the one of which it reminded her. Some melancholy associations were linked with it. It seemed that she had seen the face long ago, in a painful dream.

"If you do not make haste," said her friend, "we shall not have time to see the library before dusk."

They descended to the library. The housekeeper left them to attend to her own duties; and Madeleine, after a survey of the magnificent collection of books, was soon absorbed in the examination of a large volume of engravings at one of the tables.

Her taste in art had been deeply gratified by the rare treasures she had seen; by nothing more than this beautiful collection of engravings. She thought how she would like to copy some of them, and wondered if she would ever be permitted. Ah, she was to go abroad so soon! Would she ever have an opportunity, in her husband's home, of seeing such things? With a sigh she confessed to herself that Lewis, with all his noble qualities, had no appreciation of the works of art; hardly of the beauty of nature. The wild sea-views that had delighted her, he noticed with a practical eye, discerning not the loveliness. Strong he was, and tender, and true; but there was something in her nature with which he could not sympathize. For the first time she felt, almost bitterly, that there was a gulf between them. Then a flood of compunction swept over her soul. What did she not owe to him against whom she murmured so un-

gratefully. If it was his lot to struggle with life's hard realities, was it for her to indulge her dreams of artistic beauty in idleness?

Absorbed in her thoughts she had not noticed the silence around her. She turned to look for Ada; she was nowhere to be seen. The shadows were growing denser in the gloomy old library; the light came dimly through its stained windows.

Madeleine called Mrs. Byrne.

Receiving no answer, she started to leave the room in search of her, supposing she had gone to speak to the housekeeper.

Suddenly one of the panels, containing several rows of books, swung aside, disclosing an opening, and Ada bounded through, pushing the massive door to behind her.

She was pale as death, and trembled violently.

"Hush, Madeleine!" she exclaimed, seizing her arm. "Let us leave this place! Follow me, quickly!"

She drew her toward the door by which they had entered.

As they hurried to make their escape, the panel door again swung open, and a strange figure presented itself.

It was a man, in a flowered silk dressing-gown, with long curling hair and beard, matted with neglect. His face was very pale, and his form sadly emaciated. His eyes were black, and seemed almost preternaturally large. They gleamed now with an expression of eager longing. He came rapidly into the room, laying the door open, his arms outstretched, rushing toward the shrinking ladies.

"Oh, Emily!" he cried, in a wailing voice of entreaty. "Why do you run away from me? It is so long since I have seen you."

"He takes us for some one else!" whispered Madeleine to her friend. "Speak to him, Ada."

"Come with me, Emily, darling!" cried the man.

He was almost near enough to touch Ada, but with a scream of terror, she eluded him, and rushing to the door leading into the hall, flung it open, and cried for help.

Madeleine, in the midst of her fear, preserved her presence of mind; for she saw that the intruder meant them no harm.

"Oh, it is very hard!" moaned the voice beside her, and its tone was full of sorrow.

"Emily, have I not given you all you asked? Now will you desert me?"

"You mistake, sir; we are strangers!"

Madeleine ventured to say, timidly, "Mrs. Byrne and I have never seen you."

"And you do not know Emily—my Emily?" questioned the man, passing his hand over his forehead, with a piteous look of bewilderment.

"Indeed, sir, we do not know her."

He uttered a groan of anguish, and retreated several paces. Just then the housekeeper came running, glanced in at the open door, and ran back, shouting to one of the men-servants to "call Mr. Hugh!"

Then she civilly begged the ladies to leave the library. The gentleman was an invalid, she said, who had his apartments upstairs. She requested her visitors to come into the garden.

As they went, they met the man she had called "Mr. Hugh," and the housekeeper whispered to him: "With a hurried nod, and a glance at the two strange ladies, he passed on. They both thought they had never seen so ill-looking a person."

Mrs. Byrne, recovering her spirits, thanked Mrs. Hanigan for her civilities, bestowed a present, and said it was time to return home. As the carriage rolled past the lodge, and out of the gates, she caught her friend's hand in both hers, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Madeleine, how could you look so composed all the time?"

"Tell me about it now, Ada?" was the reply.

With considerable flutter Mrs. Byrne managed to tell her that, while she was looking at the engravings, she had endeavored to detach some of the volumes from their places on the paneling, and finding that for a space of three feet in width they were immovable, she had discovered that they were merely the backs of books in leather, fastened to the solid oak of the wall. Her endeavors to get out the volumes had loosened, she supposed, the fastenings of the secret door; for of a sudden she perceived the mass in motion, and saw a red light through the crevice.

"Then I knew it must be a door," she said, almost in a whisper. "And I pulled it till it swung open, and I saw steps behind it. I ran up the steps, and found myself in a narrow corridor, where there were three doors. The furthest one was ajar. I peeped in, and saw a large room, very handsomely furnished as a parlor, with mirrors and a sideboard, and tables, on which there were fresh flowers, and all such things, showing that it was inhabited. At the further end a door was open, and I could see white velvet bed-curtains. Coals were burning in the grate, and by the fire, in an easy chair, wrapped in his dressing-gown, with a cigar in his fingers, sat the man you saw."

"Who was he?" asked Madeleine, much interested.

"I suppose the lord of the manor, Mr. Edward Clermont."

"The young man who was kept a prisoner?"

"The same, I do not doubt. Did you notice how ill he looked?"

"Very ill; he was sadly thin and pale, and he seemed half out of his mind."

"While I was gazing at him," resumed Ada, "he started all at once and looked at me. He turned up and held out his arms, calling 'Emily!' I was so terrified I had nearly swooned. As I fled down the steps, I heard him pursuing me. You know how he burst into the library!"

"Poor soul—he fancied you some one else. Who is Emily, I wonder?"

"How should I know! Some one who waits on him, I suppose. What fierce eyes he had!"

"He seemed very unhappy. I wonder if they are kind to him?"

"They? Who?"

"Those who have the charge of him."

"Do you think him a lunatic, Madeleine?"

"I do not know. He has very wild eyes."

"Yet you did not seem frightened, at all, scarcely."

"

"I have never told any one except Lewis!"

"But you must tell me! It is such bright moonlight. I like to hear terrible stories in the moonlight!" Lean on me, dear, and tell me."

Madeleine hesitated. Since her marriage, she had become more courageous; and something bade her tell her friend of her trouble.

"It was the very night you left Mr. Morell. A robber entered the library by the window while we were out in the garden. He concealed himself in the smoking-room above, the door to which the stairs lead."

"How terrifying!"

"Yes, for, Ada, the worst of all is to come. I will tell you the rest when we are at home."

Mrs. Byrne bade the coachman drive faster. It was some time after dark when they arrived at her house. The parlor was cheerfully lit with a bright fire, and the tea-tray was presently brought in.

When they had taken tea, and the things were removed, Ada pressed her friend for the conclusion of her story.

"You said the worst was to come. Did the robber come back?"

"No, I wish he had!"

"Madeleine!"

"Oh, I wish he had! Adm. Mr. Morell charged me with the theft?"

"You are mad! He could not have been so wicked!"

"There was reason for his suspicion! Some one—I can not guess who—sent money to Lewis that same night! It went, so he said, in the letter I sent to him."

"And did Mr. Morell accuse you for that?"

"He missed the money he had placed in my charge, and Lewis received it, or a part of it. It was natural he should accuse me. What is the matter, Ada?"

Mrs. Byrne had started to her feet, and with white face and dilated eyes, stood gazing at her friend. Then she snatched her breath with a gasping sob, and caught her hand in both hers.

"Oh, Madeleine! forgive me! forgive me!"

"Forgive you, Ada! for what?"

"It was all my fault! I put that money into your letter!"

"You!" exclaimed her friend, in amazement.

"I overheard what Mr. Dorant said of his need of money. You know my obligations to him! I had a hundred pounds given me for some temporary ornaments. You gave your letter to Alice to take to the station; I sent her to the drawing-room for my gloves, and while she was gone, I opened the letter—the seal was moist—and crammed in the bank-notes. I thought it would be a help to him, and he would not suspect me. Can you forgive me, Madeleine?"

"Ada! I am so glad! I am so happy!"

"That you forgive me!"

"There is nothing to forgive! You could not know of the robbery! I am so glad I can convince Mr. Morell of my innocence! I will write to Lewis at once, and he shall carry the news to him!"

The letter was written and posted that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

OUTSIDE the park at Broadhurst, but not far from it, beside a beautiful stream that ran into the lake, stood the cottage of the miller, Amos Watts. It was shaded by two large oak trees, and embowered in creepers. In the low window-seats within were pots of flowers, teeming with a delicate care that bespoke feminine taste, and the simple furniture evinced the same.

"One fair daughter" had the miller, and she was the light of the eyes to both her parents. She had never been like the village girls, nor mingled with them. One gift she had that set her apart from her childhood—the gift of song.

It was not inherited from her mother, who scarcely cared for music. Her father, night, had his daily labors allowed him time to cultivate the art. So the little girl learned her minstrelsy from the birds, and her warblings were as fresh and sweet.

Chance had made the late Mrs. Clermont aware of the talent possessed by the young girl, and she provided her an instructor in music and in the branches of a good education. Emily proved an apt scholar in all she attempted. She made such progress, that when she returned from school the lady of the Manor House invited her to come up almost daily thither, and practice in the music-room.

This was an inestimable privilege, and accepted with delight. Many hours did the girl spend at the superb piano, and occasionally the lady sent for her to play and sing when there was company in the drawing-room. Her voice was admired, and she heard more than once the prediction that she would do well in the profession of an open-air concert singer. Thus her ambition was kindled, and she redoubled her efforts to attain excellence.

Being made a kind of household pet, she became familiar with the different members of the family. After the death of her patroness her visits and musical practice continued, though at longer intervals. She played and sang for the invalid heir—and no one seemed to notice how much he was attracted by the pretty creature whose sweet voice could drive away his evil fancies, and soothe his nervous restlessness.

The young man had the habitual caution often exhibited by those in whom reason only glimmers, and took care not to exhibit his growing fondness for the girl. He had only one confidant, and that was a designing man, who hoped to gain something for himself out of what he observed.

From time to time he took the offered bribes, and arranged meetings between the lovers—for such they became—in the absence of Edward's guardian, and without the knowledge of any of the household.

Thus came about a state of things that wrought much unhappiness for the poor girl. It will be explained hereafter.

There was a light in the miller's cottage long after the usual hour for retiring. Watts and his wife sat in the outer room, conversing in subdued tones with the dark-browed man, known to the reader as Hugh Rawd.

A light burning in the adjoining chamber was carefully shaded from the eyes of one who lay on the bed, breathing heavily, with low moans as of feverish restlessness.

"It will be of no use," Hugh was saying, "to ask help from Mr. Marlett. He would be very angry for what has been done, and would say the master's condition made every thing void."

"My child was deceived," said the mother, sally and bitterly. "It is very hard that she must bear unjust blame and shame."

"She will not hear it when—"

"When she is taken from us! Oh, Mr. Rawd, and think you it is nothing to us?"

A burst of tears interrupted the dame's speech.

Hugh replied: "It is known to several in the village that the marriage was to take place; and no one shall dare slander the girl to me."

"It would be a wonder," answered Eunice Watts, "considering that you managed everything, Mr. Rawd."

"I did what the master wished, and that was Miss Emily's wish, too. As I told you, we must all keep quiet now. There will be no false judgment about your daughter, and you do not want to be turned out of your place, Mr. Watts."

The man shuddered as if deprecating such a thing.

"You know Mr. Marlett too well to believe he would allow you to stay, if he knew how his confidence had been abused."

"Has not ours been abused?" asked the man, with a gloomy frown. "And whose is the loss?"

"Oh, Arthur! Providence is against us!" sobbed his wife.

A murmur from the adjoining chamber called the mother to the bedside. When she came back, the paleness of despair was in her face.

Hugh had been whispering to her husband. It was plain he had been offering or promising him money.

"Arthur will trust me, Eunice," he said. "I am going to London and will see a lawyer who can tell us just where we stand, before any stir is made. You shall take care of the child."

"I will not part with it," said the dame. "And whatever happens, I depend on you to stand up for her, if any one dares condemn her! She has been wronged, but she has done nothing wrong."

"I will do any thing," you may trust me. Will the doctor come again to-night?"

"Not till to-morrow."

"Say nothing to him. I will see you when I return from London. Then we shall know what to do."

With a brief adieu, the dark man left the cottage.

Crossing the park he entered the great house by the door leading to the offices, and went to his own room. There he opened a small box and unlocked it with a key he carried in a red leather pocket-book. It contained papers, which he placed in the pocket-book; then, on second thoughts, replaced in the box, and put it back in the pocket-book.

"Lie there," he muttered, "till the time comes to use you. You may be worth something handsome to me then!"

Locking the chest and the door of his room, he went out, and ascended the stairs. Late as it was he was surprised to meet the butler coming out of the dining-room.

"Is any thing the matter?" he asked, hastily.

"No, sir; only Mr. Marlett has returned."

"Mr. Marlett at home! How did he come from the station?"

"On foot, sir; he came by the late train. He has just taken supper."

Hugh indicated by a motion of his hand the question if he was yet in the dining-room. The man nodded affirmatively; and, passing him, Hugh went on boldly, and opened the door.

Mr. Marlett was sitting by the fire in deep meditation. He had changed a little since he last saw him, in that the lines about his mouth had grown firmer, blending an expression of icy coldness with the beauty of shape it still retained. The proportions of his fine form were fuller, and thereby much improved. When he lifted his eyes the keenness of their flashing glance showed how terrible his severity might be. It was only by such a glance that he acknowledged Hugh's presence.

"I did not expect you so soon," was Hugh's remark, after saluting him respectfully.

"Come to my room directly," said Marlett, and rising, he went to the sideboard, took up his candle and went out.

Hugh followed him, sending in the butler to extinguish the lights.

Jasper's room was one of the best in the house, and handsomely furnished; as was the bedchamber adjoining it. There was an Indian cabinet, and a large, polished rosewood secretary, with a baize-covered writing-table. He drew himself into an easy-chair, and pointed out another for the occupant of the man who served him, not only as the heir's guardian, but as his leader in the plans by which both hoped to secure a permanent hold on the property in charge of one of them.

Marlett began abruptly.

"You remember, Hugh Rawd, how all your search and inquiries at Liverpool came to nothing?"

"Certainly," was the reply, in a tone that showed mortification.

"I have had better success," observed Marlett, quietly.

"Have you, sir? Have you discovered—"

"My agent in Canada has traced the artist, Winchester, through his entire career to his death. He died in Toronto, leaving his wife and child nearly destitute."

"The child—the girl you spoke of?"

"Both sailed for England in the 'Ancona,' from Boston."

"Then, they are here, after all?"

"Patience! The 'Ancona' was wrecked off the coast of Wales."

"Wrecked!"

"I have been in communication with one of the sailors, who was saved in a life-boat sent out by the fishermen on the sands. He remembered the passengers; a lady and a little girl about eleven years of age."

"The daughter of Winchester?"

"The mother and child were the last ones brought ashore before the ship went to pieces. The sailor thinks the mother was drowned when brought ashore. The child was alive, beyond doubt."

"Then you know where to look for her?"

"I have made inquiries. I visited the

clergyman who lives within eight miles of the fishing village. Morgan is his name. He says every effort was made to discover the girl's friends; advertisements inserted, and all that. She could not remember her uncle's name, nor any clue to find him out."

"And is it your intention now—"

"You get on too fast. The girl was adopted by a fisherman named Dorant. She grew up very handsome, and when her foster-mother died, was taken to bring up by a rich, eccentric man whose name was Morell, who gave her an education. Afterward she left him, and went back to the fisherman's cabin. It seems she was in love with his son. She has married him since."

Hugh started up. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "It must be the same woman I saw—"

"Where have you seen her?"

"Here—in this house; or just leaving it. Hainigan said her name was Dorant. I knew her by her likeness to the picture."

"What picture?"

"The portrait of Mr. Clermont's sister! The one in the boudoir."

"She is like that?"

"As like as possible! I might have known she was the daughter—the one you were looking for."

"I am sorry, Hugh, your perceptions were not livelier, in time to prevent this low marriage," observed Marlett, with the cold, sardonic expression his beautiful lips took when displeased. The man hung his head, abashed.

"But all you need not be lost, if you are true to your own interests yet."

"What should I be true to, if not to them, sir?"

"Exactly; I may count on you there," said Jasper, with a sneering smile.

"What is to be done now, sir?" asked the man.

"Nothing for you at present—except to keep silence, and have your wits about you. I have ascertained that this husband who has wedded my heiress, intends living in Antwerp. He has a situation in a mercantile house, there. He must lose it, and be driven back to the fishing village, by poverty."

"Can not I be useful?"

"You can, I think I will send you to Antwerp, when I hear they are settled. But there is no hurry. Edward has been doing better than I expected."

"Till within the last two months, sir."

"Has he been worse?"

"He has failed very much, sir."

The ex-secretary looked at the man earnestly.

"You mean something particular, Hugh."

"You are penetrating, sir. I have obeyed strictly your injunctions not to allow my chair to go out unaccompanied by myself. But I could not control him within doors. That, you know, was not in my province."

"What has happened?" asked the guardian, with one of his severe looks.

"I could not prevent the maids from putting his rooms tidy, you know," said the man, a coarse gleam of satisfaction in his eyes when he saw how moved his employer was.

"The maids! Which of them has dared—"

"None, sir, as I know. But there was a miller. She often brought the daughter of the miller, and I know she brought him flowers."

"But she was not in the habit of seeing him, surely?"

"I can not answer for that. Perhaps Mrs. Hainigan can. He was fond of hearing her sing."

"I shall prevent her seeing him, or his hearing her, in future."

"You may be saved that trouble, sir."

"How so?"

"The girl is very ill; probably dead by this time. At least she is not expected to live. I have just been at the cottage."

"Very well; her death may save her father the loss of his place, if it should turn out that she has been imprudent."

The icy expression of satisfaction in the gentleman's face, was an index to a heart destitute of human feeling.

There was some further talk before the two parted for the night.

Madeleine's letter, with its joyful news, found Dorant on the eve of returning to England. His first care was to inquire where Mr. Morell was to be found.

In a richly-furnished room in a hotel in Berkeley Square, London, where the sunshine was carefully excluded by the closed window-blinds, and the air by delicate colored silk curtains, sat a delicate man, somewhat past middle age, in a cushioned easy-chair. A small table, on which stood a tray, filled with fruits, cream, bread and other dainties, supposed suitable to the appetite of an invalid, was near him.

The sick man wore a rich silk dressing-gown, and his linen and cuffs were of the finest texture, and white as snow. But his face, worn and pallid with ill-health, expressed peevish discontent. Something harder to bear than poverty had taken possession of him. At every sound he started, uttering an exclamation of vexation, and moaning occasionally.

Then he snatched up a small bell on the table, and rang it impatiently. His manservant presently entered the room, in answer to the summons.

"Take away these things, James," said Mr. Morell, fretfully. "I want nothing."

James took up the tray, opened the door, and gave it to one of the hotel servants standing without.

"Have you done as I bade you?" inquired the invalid.

"I have, sir. There is a gentleman here—"

"I will see no one. I told you so before. Go and send away any visitors."

James bowed and left the room.

"Something to be got out of me, of course. I am sick of the world! I am sick of myself! Wealth is a vile thing, certainly; it can neither cure disorders of the body, nor tortures of the mind. Your nearest of kin, when he asks how you do, means—shall I come into possession shortly! Pish! the world is a humbug!"

James came in and announced:

"The doctor, sir."

"Let him come in—that is, if it is Mr. Hadley."

The doctor was shown in by James, and bowed to Mr. Morell, who returned the salutation stiffly.

The medical man turned to the servant.

"Did you not give my name?"

James made an obeisance, and withdrew.

"I was aware of your name," began Morell.

"Allow me, then, and stepping to the bell, the doctor pulled it briskly.

"Did you ring?" inquired James, opening the door.

"I did ring," answered the doctor, "that you might be directed to fetch me a chair."

The rebuked servant handed the chair, and went out.

"Pray be seated, sir," said Morell.

The eccentric gentleman drew his chair near his patient.

"Well," he said, looking earnestly at him, "I will proceed to business."

"If you please," was the curt response.

"What is your age, Mr. Morell?"

"And pray, sir, how does my age concern you?"

"If I ask your age, it is quite apparent that I ought to know it."

The invalid glared at him savagely.

"I am fifty-five," at length he said, made.

"What family have you? and have you any friends?"

Morell started to his feet in the violence of his anger.

"Once for all, sir," he cried, "what do you mean by these impertinent questions?"

"I ask them," replied the doctor, coolly, "for the purpose of ascertaining if your sympathies and affections are in an abnormal condition."

"And what the devil have you to do with my sympathies and affections? I want a physician, not a physiologist! Does it please you or not, to give me the sort of advice I choose?"

"No, sir, it does not," replied the surgeon, rising.

"Then I regret having troubled you at all."

"I regret it, too. I wish you a good-day, sir."

"Begone, fool!"

The surgeon took his hat, and quietly moved to the door.

"Doctor!" cried a querulous voice.

"I knew he would call me back," muttered the doctor to himself. "Well—"

"I am a very great sufferer," said the invalid, faintly.

"I know you are, and I need but look at you to see that your spirit is more shattered than your body. Don't hold out your wrist to me, but open your heart. Instead of tonics and anodynes, you need strong doses of feeling and affection."

"I have no family—no friends," murmured the old man, in his former querulous tone.

"Have you never had any?"

"I had a nephew. I cast him off, because he became a profligate. I may have been severe with him, but the rascal never had any affection for me."

"What is this drink?" asked the doctor, taking up a small jug from the table.

"Infusion of gentian."

He threw it into the fireplace.

"And your friends?" he asked.

"I have none, that I remember, who are living. I took a young girl to adopt as my daughter; but she disappointed me, and turned out unworthy."

"What has become of her?"

"She is married, I believe—to the very young fellow I objected to."

"On what account did you object?"

The invalid winced at these questions.

"He was a poor man, and unsuited to her in education and manners."

Here followed some directions about diet and exercise, which were interrupted by the entrance of James, unsummoned.

"The gentleman who called before, sir, is here again, and says he must see you, on important business. His name is Dorant."

The invalid looked startled. "Dorant?" he repeated.

"Am I right in my guess, that this is the man you were speaking of?" asked the surgeon.

"It is the same."

"Then you had better see him."

"I shall consult my own pleasure as to whom I receive," retorted Morell, haughtily. "He comes to make a claim on me, I suppose. Well, he may come in; but I can not receive a long visit."

The attendant retired.

"Shall I leave you?" inquired Mr. Hadley.

"No—you may stay," was the response. "He will not be here long."

Lewis Dorant was shown in. He greeted Mr. Morell, and bowed distantly to the doctor.

"You will excuse this intrusion," he said to the invalid. "I trust, at least, that you will, when you learn that I bring you proofs of the entire innocence of my wife, late Madeleine Winchester, of the theft you charged upon her, while she resided with you."

Morell started uneasily, and glanced at the surgeon.

"I understand; you forgive to couple her name with the accusation you made, believing it. I thank you; but forbearance is no longer necessary. Here is Mrs. Byrne's written statement that, in the absence of Miss Winchester from your library, she put a roll of bank-notes—over a hundred pounds—into the letter addressed to me, which lay on the table, and which was presently brought to me at the station. Here is a miniature portrait, painted by my wife from memory, of the robber who entered your library that same night, and lifted the desk. She saw his face as he was escaping by the window. You can not doubt whose it is," and Lewis placed the miniature in Morell's hands.

"Albert!" he gasped, in utter surprise.

"I see you recognize it. Madeleine had never seen your nephew."

"Will you not be seated, Mr. Dorant?" asked the doctor, rising and offering a chair. The courtesy was declined; but, feeling that some explanation was due to a stranger, Dorant briefly gave him a relation of what had happened.

The doctor rubbed his hands.

"A prescription worth a dozen of mine!" he muttered.

It was some minutes before Mr. Morell said a word.

"You say she never saw Albert Morell?" he said, faintly.

"She never saw him till that night, when he attempted to escape after the robbery."

"Yet she painted this likeness?"

"From memory. You see the expression of the face? It was as he stepped on the window-sill to spring out. The moon shone full upon him."

The invalid kept silence. At length he said:

"Albert has made no confession!"

"Is it necessary? Here is Mrs. Byrne's acknowledgment, accounting for my possession of the money; and proving that it could not have been yours. She had even the numbers of the notes; and they correspond with those I received and spent abroad."

Can it be, sir, that you doubt the truth of her statement?"

"No—no!" answered Morell. "I do not doubt it. I am only surprised that my nephew—"

"That he should be guilty of a robbery? Do you cling to your error, and refuse to exculpate my wife?"

"I do exculpate her!" cried the old man. "I wish I had known of this before. But I will make her amends. She shall not lose by the mistake."

"Mr. Morell," said the young man, "you mistake me, if you imagine for a moment that I claim—or would accept any further atonement than the retraction of your unjust accusation. Madeleine is my wife now. She is satisfied with the lot assigned me, and we are going to live abroad. She did not wish to leave England without setting herself right in your eyes, when she could offer the proofs of her innocence. She desires only your acquittal; she will never accept your bounty."

Morell fidgeted in his easy-chair. The doctor silently grasped Dorant's hand, and shook it heartily.

"It is my wish," said the invalid, querulously, "to atone for the mistake."

Your acknowledgment that it was so is sufficient, sir," replied Lewis, with hauteur. He bowed, and turned to leave the room.

"Stay," called out Morell. "Madeleine was dear to me as a daughter. I will do for her all that I intended—"

"She prefers that you do nothing, sir," returned the husband. "I prefer—"

Though poor, we are independent, and my wife has no wish I can not hope to gratify by my honest labor. She sends her grateful respects and best wishes. Good-morning, Mr. Morell."

Again shaking hands with the doctor, Lewis gained the door, and went out. Morell sat with the paper Mrs. Byrne had written in his hand. The miniature lay on the table.

The surgeon made no remark on the scene he had witnessed. After giving a few directions he took his leave, without writing a prescription.

Morell sat in a reverie, after he had again read the paper through. He seemed unwilling to acknowledge to himself that he had been in the wrong. Dorant's refusal to accept aught but his acquittal appeared to anger him; for in the pride of his wealth, he had fancied money a salve for all wounds. He folded the paper, rung for James, and ordered it and the miniature put into a safe corner of his portmanteau. Then he astonished the valet by an order to be driven out that afternoon.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 105.)

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JO JOT, JUNYER.

BY I. O. T. A.

As nigh as kin kalkerlate
Sum years thar eend had got,
I fell in with a feller-bein'
What called hessell Jo Jot.

A pesky sort of a critter,
Thar wuz here and everywhar';
If enny thing wuz goin' on,
Why he wuz allus thar'.

One day he got mos' t'arnal tired,
And konklooded he'd vamoose,
So he lit on board the "Prairie Belle"
When Jim Blaise ruled the roost.

The beauty did a tickle-ty-split—
Her b'ler it got hot,
An' bust—an' Jo, rid on a piece,
An' eum down kervallap—poor Jot!

Wal, arter that, old "Iron-Clad"
In breeches blue an' blouse-ees,
Wuz watchin' farmer Applegate
A-drivin' of his cow-ees.

He sot so long he mos' t'nk root;
The frost got at hes toes-ees,
Sence then hes blind deon't navigate
But keeps tu hes heels—poor Jo-ees.

One time ten farmers like tu fit
About an ox and bull;
Old Sweetness thot he'd see it out,
Which way the rope w'd pull.

The skeery varments got so mad
An' arter a-pull-mall;
Thar tails went up hes blues fere eunt,
Diddeh he skeddadd? dew tell!

It's qur' that he c'ud cirkumloote
Arter hes fast day-hoo;
But sich is life; he warn't tu die
Till hes time got round—that's true.

Howsemevver hes kickin' still,
Arter nos a coon, you bet;
An' he is the wusht tarnashunnst cuss t'git off
A grin at you'nuses expense
That I've hear'n tell on yet.

Result of an Ill Wind.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

"HANDS by the halliards! Clew up royals and to gallant sails!" shouted Captain Burit of the ship Reindeer, as a heavy gale, which for many hours had been seen brewing to windward, came driving down toward the vessel.

"Will we have a bad storm, papa?" inquired Winnie Melton—a beautiful young girl of seventeen—as she shrunk closely to the side of her father—Mr. Melton, who stood with her on the quarter-deck of the ship.

The two had taken passage aboard the Reindeer at the Sandwich Islands, where Mr. Melton, with Winnie, his only child, had been to visit an agent on business. He had taken his daughter with him, because she had expressed a wish to go, and he had thought the trip would do her good.

"Better for me had I never seen that girl," muttered the poor sailing-master, Warren Gove, as he stood on the quarter, watching a French vessel to windward, which had been spoken a few hours before. "As soon as the storm passes, I will tell the captain I wish to leave his vessel, and go aboard yonder ship. Better I should tear myself away from the girl at once, than remain to be tortured by the sight of one whom I can never hope to make mine."

Warren had lately received an honorable discharge from the Chilean sloop-of-war "St. He" was a fine-looking young fellow, with clear, gray eyes, sun-embrowned face, and a form inured to hardship; for he had led a wild, roving sort of life from his youth.

This fondness for wandering and adventure had kept him poor, and that was why he thought it was better had he never seen Winnie Melton, whom he loved at first sight.

The rich, brunette complexion, the round, plump form, the little, willowy waist, the musical, unaffected voice were irresistible; but it was the dark eyes under her arching brows, with their varied expression, now bright, merry, sparkling, now shy and soft as a gazelle's; at one moment uplifted, the next hidden by the long, silky lashes, that caught poor Warren's heart so promptly.

He had spoken to Mr. Melton, who liked him, and was pleased to hear him relate some of his adventures.

Winnie, however, seemed to treat him rather coldly. She would sometimes stand and listen to his conversation with her father, but whenever he spoke to her, she would answer briefly, and even seem a little vexed. In fact she avoided him so sedulously that he at last concluded she disliked him, and resolved to speak to her no more, the conviction forcing itself on his mind that she thought he was a mere fortune-hunter, and was attracted by her wealth.

There was one person, however, with whom she often conversed; a rich young cotton-broker, named Walter Fitzberg, who was a passenger aboard the Reindeer, and whom Mr. Melton had known in New York.

"Ay, he will marry her," thought Warren, "and I shall continue to be a wanderer. I had intended to 'settle down,' but I could never rest were she to become the wife of another."

With intense interest Warren watched the seamen, as they sprung to execute the order to take in sail.

As Winnie put her timid question, he could not help giving her a reassuring glance, as her father replied:

"Yes, Winnie, I think we will have a severe storm, but the Reindeer is a good ship, and will brave it!"

The vessel was soon under reefed mainsail, close-reefed maintop-sail and topmast staysail.

With a howl and a shriek the storm pounced upon her. The masts bent and snapped, the rigging belled in whistling, ropes and sheets writhed and slatted about, the ship was whirled down on her beam-ends, and sent driving along through the mad waters in a perfect cloud of spray, humming thunder.

Standing on tiptoe, clutching her father's arm, Winnie was a pretty picture to look at.

The lips were half-parted and trembling with anxiety, the dark curls blown loose about the shoulders, the red mantle fluttered on the wind, the form was drawn up so that the beautiful outline of the waist was distinctly revealed.

The captain was about advising his passengers to go below, when a tremendous shock went through the ship.

"We are going down!" with white lips shrieked the carpenter. He had just been into the hold, had reported that a whale or some other sea-monster had come into contact with the ship's bottom, and there stoven a hole!

"Clear away the boats!" shouted the captain, in a clear, ringing voice.

Warren sprang to assist. The quarter-boat and the long-boat soon were cleared away and lowered. Ere they could be well provisioned, an ominous roaring sound was heard.

It was the rushing of the water into the hold!

Fitzberg, losing all control of himself, sprung for the long-boat, in his haste almost knocking Winnie down.

The two boats were soon manned, but ere Winnie could be helped into them by Warren Gove and her father, the ship lifted her bows, then lurched heavily, preparatory to going down.

This parted the boat-warps.

Mr. Melton had just sprung into the long-boat, and with several sailors stood ready to take Winnie, whom Warren, in the main chains, was endeavoring to pass to the boat. The lurch frightened the girl, who slipped back on deck from Warren's grasp, while he, thus losing his balance, fell into the boat.

"My child! Oh, God! my child!" screamed Mr. Melton, holding out his hands, his gray hair streaming on the wind.

Warren compressed his lips, made one tremendous spring, and clutched the parted boat-warp, dangling over the ship's side. By this he drew himself to the deck of the sinking vessel.

She was plunging down; the young man clutched Winnie, and endeavored to strike out for the boats, but the mad whirlpool of waters drew him and the girl down into the cabin.

Down, lower and lower went the fated ship. The cataract of waters poured round the young people, and filled the cabin.

But he was not dead.

In half an hour the castaways were all picked up by the French ship, which had borne down for them, and Warren was able to sit up in the berth whither he had been conveyed.

Winnie and her father were at his side, the girl holding his hand.

She proved a tender nurse, and what might have been expected followed.

They were united when they reached New York, a few months later.

Warren obtained remunerative employment in the merchant firm of an uncle, and is now a partner.

Winnie and he are indeed happy—made so by that accident to the Reindeer—as otherwise Warren would have left the ship, never perhaps to meet again the young girl, whose coldness toward him, caused by Fitzberg's artful falsehood, would thus have remained unexplained.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

"Treed" by a Flood.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

WEARIED with a long day's ride, I was sleeping heavily, when suddenly I was aroused to consciousness by a hand laid heavily upon my shoulders, and opening my eyes with a sudden start, found old Grizzly Adams bending down with his finger upon his lips.

We two were alone, having left the command far to the southward, in pursuit of a certain matter not necessary to mention

"Hold on ag'in," and once more he disappeared, this time going up the gulch.

In less time than before he returned, and announced that there was a chance for us up there, but a very slim one, even at best.

A hundred yards above there was a cavern in the face of the cliff upon the left-hand side as we faced up, situated some ten feet above the level bottom, and to all appearances inaccessible to us.

At least so it appeared to me, and I ventured to say so.

"Thet's ther smallest eend uv the matter," said the hunter. "What troubles me ar' to know of ther hole ar' 'bove high-water mark. I can't see ther line on the rocks, an' I'm kinder onsartin 'bout it."

"The canon widens here, and I don't think any ordinary rain will reach it! But how are we to get up there? There is not a stick of timber in the place to serve as a ladder."

"See thet liddle bush thar? Thar clost by whar thet piece uv rock sticks out?" said Grizzly, pointing to the object, which then became faintly visible through the darkness.

Taking his lasso, which he had brought along, the old bear-hunter coiled it carefully, and stepping back, hurled it at the face of the rock.

The loop fell fairly over both bush and projecting crag, and when tested was found sufficiently secure to bear our weight.

"It e'na'most looks like temptin' Providence to creep into thet hole an' not know aforehand of it ar' clear uv the water," he said.

But, whatever might be the result, we had no time for long consideration.

The storm had burst upon the mountains, and although not a drop fell where we were, we could hear the roar of the descending

sartin death! How they bit at thet yell I giv' 'em down yander!"

Without noticing the cavern in which we lay, more than half the savages pushed by it, and continued their headlong race up the canon.

The others, however, were more cautious. The swelling waters reminded them of how little time there was to lose, and we heard them debating among themselves the propriety of an instant retreat.

One of their number was sent after the others, and they were on the point of retreating, when an unfortunate movement of mine detached a small fragment of rock, which rattled down and fell at the very feet of a warrior. Instantly every eye was fixed upon our hiding-place.

"Open on 'em, lad! Quick!" and before I could get out my six-shooter, the trapper fired point-blank into the upturned face of the chief, or at least who appeared to be such.

"Give 'em fits!" yelled the old fellow, emptying chamber after chamber with wonderful rapidity.

Four of them were down by the time the other party came back from above, but these never halted a second.

With wild yells of terror they fled past our hiding-place, and the others, catching the infection, quickly followed, leaving the dead where they lay.

"The wave! the wave, boyee!" shouted Old Grizzly. "It ar' clost arter 'em! Jess listen to it!"

I needed not the injunction to listen, nor did it require any effort to do so. That fearful rush of water was unlike any thing had ever heard, and the very air, the solid rocks themselves, seemed to tremble under its resistless sweep.

In an instant it had shot by us, hissing, boiling, roaring, as though it were some terrible monster lashed into fury, and chafing at being confined between those narrow walls.

The first dash of the flood filled the canon to within two feet of our resting-place.

Old Grizzly drew out his ramrod, and leaning over the edge, held it perpendicular with the lower end just touching the flood.

In five minutes the rod was withdrawn. The water had wet it for more than a foot from the end.

"Looks bad, boyee," said Old Grizzly, with a slow shake of the head. "Generally, when ther fast dash ar' over, it on'y comes up werry slow. We're in a tight fix, I'm afeard; better hev charged ther imps an' took ther chances thet way."

But I will not dwell upon the next hour, a fearful one to us, and which we both looked upon as surely our last. Steadily the water rose. It came over the edge of the cliff, and swashed into the cave.

Higher and higher it rose, while without the thunder crashed and the lightning played amid the rugged peaks of the mountain in a ceaseless stream. Up to our waists, to the arm-pits, and then only our heads remained above the surface!

But here it stopped.

After a long pause, during which neither of us spoke a word, Old Grizzly suddenly uttered a pealing whoop, and followed it up by exclaiming:

"Saved, boyee, by ther Eturnal! Ther water ar' fallin', an' ther danger ar' over!"

And so it was.

By degrees the flood went down, slowly at first, and then almost as rapidly as it had come on. In two hours we lowered ourselves by the rope, and started in the faint hope of catching our horses somewhere on the prairie.

This, however, we were not lucky enough to do, and consequently were compelled to make a long, tedious journey on foot.

"Yer won't ketch me hoken' ag'in in a hurry," said Old Grizzly, as we talked over our escape, and I am free to say that I heartily indorsed his resolution.

Short Stories from History.

Curiosities of Science.—The remarkable interest now taken by the people, in science and its astonishing developments, constitutes one of the most significant "signs of the times." Almost everybody is concerned in the announcements of new discoveries in physical research, and our monthly magazines are constrained to devote a special department to these discoveries.

The ancients were by no means ignorant of many of the leading facts of physical science, these paragraphs will show.

Many have questioned the fact recorded by several historians concerning the surprising effects of the burning mirrors of Archimedes, by means of which the Roman ships besieging Syracuse were burnt to ashes. Descartes particularly discredited the story as fabulous; but Kircher made many experiments with a view of establishing its credibility. He tried the effect of a number of plane mirrors; and with five mirrors of the same size, placed in a frame, he contrived to throw the rays reflected from them to the same spot, and by this means he produced such a degree of heat as led him to conclude that, by increasing their number, he could have set fire to inflammable substances at a greater distance. He likewise made a voyage to Syracuse, in company with his pupil, Schottus, in order to examine the place of the supposed transaction; and they were both of opinion that the galleys of Marcellus could not have been more than thirty paces from Archimedes.

Anaxagoras, who thought that the sun was a red-hot iron as large as the Peloponnesus, taught at the same time the just doctrine, that the moon shines by light borrowed from the sun; and was led to that opinion not only from the places of the moon, but from its light being weak and unaccompanied by heat.

Democritus taught that the milky way is the light of a great number of small stars, very close to one another; a magnificent conception which the latest improvements of the telescope have fully verified.



Tracked to Death—"I shall follow you to the ends of the earth, Richard Darke—ay, I'll track you to death!"

Winnie gasped and trembled; her gurgling cry smote upon Warren's ears.

He endeavored to keep on the surface of the water, which, owing to the inclination of the ship, had not yet reached the upper beams of the cabin.

The rumbling thunder and gurgling of the incoming seas filled the whole ship.

Warren gained the surface of the water, but another sheeted cataract poured in, and the cabin was full to the beams!

The young man was strangling; but he did not lose his self-possession. He caught at a beam above him, and with a tremendous effort of strength drew himself and his burden to the upper cabin window, which had been burst open by the pressure of the water.

For a moment the suction force held him motionless here, but the next, the ship being now full of water, the bubbles began to break, and with them Warren and his precious burden were sent shooting to the surface of the sea.

The crew of the long-boat picked them up.

Fortunately there was not yet much of a sea, notwithstanding the force of the gale, so that both boats could be easily worked.

Mr. Melton clasped his half-senseless daughter in his arms. She was not at all injured, for Warren had contrived to shield her person with his own form, so as to receive the full force of the shock when dashed into the cabin.

He was badly bruised and lay nearly lifeless in the bottom of the boat. In his excitement and anxiety to save Winnie, he had previously scarcely felt his injuries.

"My noble fellow!" said the captain, taking a brandy-flask from his pocket.

"I have saved her; let me die!" said Warren.

"No, no!" cried Winnie, sobbing and mourning over the prostrate man. "You must not die! You shall live, and may you be happy with her—the young lady in New York, whom you intend to wed."

"I—wed?" stammered Warren. "I know no young lady in New York. Who told you that?"

"Mr. Fitzberg."

The latter colored, and muttered something about "all being fair in love and war."

"It was false," said Warren. Then he leaned back, and his eyes closed.

"He is dead!" screamed Winnie, now impulsively throwing her arms round his neck.

here, and were on the return path when night overtook us near the mouth of the Black Canon, in which we camped.

"What is it?" I asked softly, as I rose to a sitting posture.

"Injuns," was the reply in the same cautious tone; "leastwise, I b'leeve they're about, an' we'd better look to our har'."

I knew that Old Grizzly never made a false alarm, and fully alive to the danger of being caught and penned in the canon, I grasped my rifle, and followed the bear-hunter to where our horses were picketed—on a bit of grass further up.

"I heard 'em out thar twice afore I roused yur," said Grizzly. "I doosen't think they knows we ar' hyar, but they will know it durned quick if we don't find sum way outen this."

"And how about getting out?"

"Thar's but one way. We can't climb them 'ere cliffs yander, ner yander," pointing to either side where the rocky wall rose sheer up for five hundred feet.

"An' es fur goin' through, we can't do it, fur it'll rain by barrelsful in less'n a hour, an' yer know what thet means."

"Do; we would be swept away by the torrent that gathers within the canon at every shower almost," I replied.

"Yes, an' this here ain't goin' ter be no shower. I'll kem down in chunks, yur see if it doosen't."

Even as the old trapper spoke, a long, heavy rumble, like the discharge of distant artillery, came from the west.

"Hear that, boyee," said Grizzly. "I tell yur, we've got to do somethin'. Stay hyar a minit till I sees how things ar' b'low."

The bear-hunter stole off in the darkness toward the mouth of the canon, and was gone something like a quarter of an hour.

"They've got us trapped, lad," he said, as he glided back to my side. "Camped right down at ther mouth, an' built thet fire behind ther rock on the left side so's ter light up ther on'y way we kin possibly go to git out. It looks bad, durnation bad."

"How many?" I asked.

"Too menny fur us," he said, shaking his head as I touched the hilt of my six-shooter.

"Twenty of thar's one."

"Well, we can't stay here and drown like rats in a hole," I said. "Better die fighting the red-skins than that."

"But, I don't keer to die neither way, an' durn my ole moccasins ef I'm a-goin' to, nuther, not ef I kin help it."

deluge away to the west, in which direction the canon ran.

"Ther horses 'll hev to go," said Old Grizzly.

"But it will never do to let them drown there!" I exclaimed. "I will go and draw the picket-pins."

"No, you won't, leastwise not jess yit. Do yur want 'em to go t'arin' outen ther gully, an' tell ther imps thet we're in hyar? Wait till ther water begins to kem down purty lively, an' then let 'em loose."

The reasoning was good, and I at once gave in.

In ten minutes the bed of the ravine, hitherto dry, began to show signs of the coming flood, and in as many more quite a body of water was dashing and foaming among the loose rocks and boulders that lay scattered about.

"Up with yer, boyee," suddenly said the bear-hunter. "Up wi' yer. I'll go an' see to the horses. No! do as I sez, an' climb ther rope."

Seeing that he was determined, I drew myself up, and soon reached the cavern, into which I swung myself.

Old Grizzly had dashed off down the canon, in the direction of the horses, and in a few moments I heard the clatter of their shod hoofs over the rocks, as they galloped out toward the open prairie.

Fully five minutes passed and still he did not return.

Far up the gloomy ravine I could hear the sullen roar of the gathering waters, growing louder each moment, while the foaming stream at my feet was increasing in size and power at a frightfully rapid rate.

All at once a loud, clear yell burst upon the stillness that had before only been broken by the rush of waters, and a moment later Old Grizzly dashed up, seized the lasso, and in an instant was beside me in the cave.

Quick as thought, he pulled up the rope, detached it from the bush, and drew it out of sight.

"Ther wave 'll be down in five minits an'—listen! Do yur hear 'em?" he asked, in a sharp whisper.

At first I knew not what he meant, but a moment later I heard the sound of many footsteps rapidly advancing up the gulch, and immediately after saw the shadowy forms of at least a score of warriors darting through the gloom.

"See 'em, ther cussed varmints, so hongry fur a skelp thet they're comin' to meet